THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

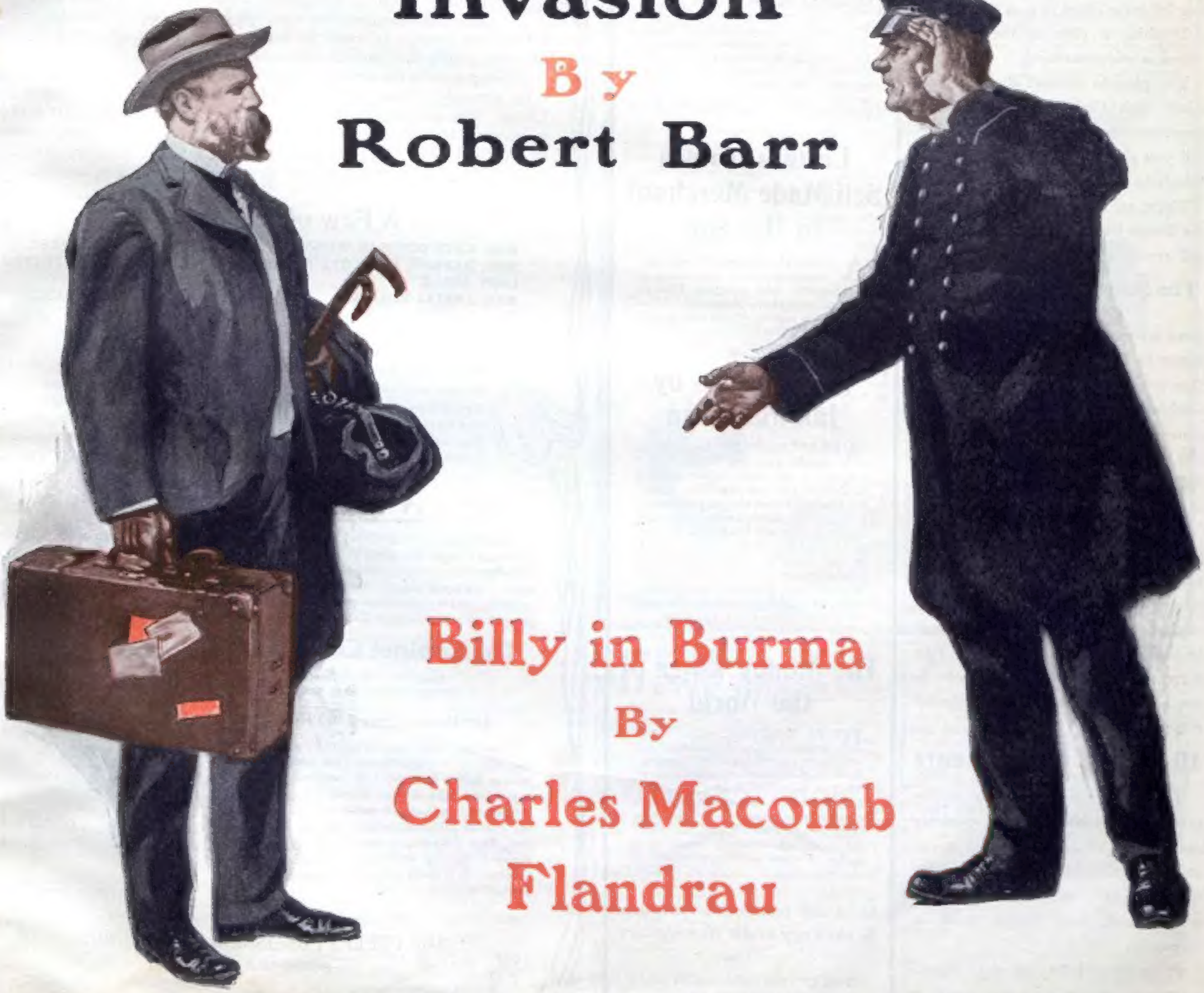
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^D D^I 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 12, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

A Scout of the American Invasion

By

Robert Barr



Billy in Burma

By

Charles Macomb Flandrau

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Seventeen Feet Too Short

THEY were planning a bridge to connect two towns in an Eastern state. After the plans had been approved and paid for, the bridge was found to be seventeen feet too short.

When the engineer was asked how he came to make such an error, he said he got his measurements by stretching a wire across the river from a house on one side to a tree on the other, and guessed he hit it about right.

But he would have gone ahead with the building of that bridge, putting his error down in iron and stone.

Teaching a class in the Sunday-school is bridge-building.

You plan to connect the scholars' minds with the lesson. You come about seventeen feet short of doing it if you plan by guess-work or loose calculations.

There are known ways of building the lesson-teaching bridge so that it will reach the scholar, and, because

The Sunday School Times
(Issued every week)

gives so much help of this sort, it is better to have it at hand every week than to do guess-work Sunday-school teaching. You are working on permanent material when you teach some one something.

Better get acquainted with the

Ways of Working

page in The Sunday School Times, where puzzling questions in Sunday-school work are answered, and tested methods described. The paper will be sent on trial to any reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, who is not now a subscriber to The Sunday School Times,

10 Weeks for 10 Cents

There is no other periodical to-day providing anything like the quantity and quality of reading-matter given in The Sunday School Times, specifically designed to prevent Sunday-school work from falling short in its reach.

$1.00 for a whole year of 52 issues.

The Sunday School Times Co.
1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

The Saturday Evening Post

SPECIAL FEATURES SOON TO APPEAR

The Vengeance of Venus

M. DE BLOWITZ, Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, has completed for an early number of the magazine the first paper in his forthcoming series of Recollections. The "Venus" of this extraordinary chapter of inside political history is the Princess Kralta, an alluring woman of noble family, who was chosen by Prince Bismarck to worm out of M. De Blowitz the secret of how he secured the text of the Treaty of Berlin. The intrigues of the Princess and the means by which De Blowitz laid them bare form a tale of unusual interest.

In this remarkable paper the Princess Kralta tells her own story of how—at the personal request of the Emperor William—she secretly undertook to beguile Prince Bismarck. The facts contained in this article are now made public for the first time.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

A SPECIAL feature of summer issues will be a new series of the popular and amusing Letters from a Self-Made Merchant. The new series carries Pierrepont to the end of his worst troubles.

New Stories by Ian Maclaren

ARRANGEMENTS have been made with Ian Maclaren for a series of six short stories dealing with Scots life and character. Doctor Watson's new stories have all of the exquisite charm and dry, delicate humor that made Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush one of the notable books of the decade. These delightful tales compare favorably with Doctor Watson's best-known work, and they will undoubtedly do much to widen his circle of American admirers.

The Money Kings of the World

BY W. T. STEAD. This is the general title of six brilliant articles by the Editor of the (London) *Review of Reviews* on such men as Morgan, Witte and Rothschild. Mr. Stead's remarkable insight and his clear perception of underlying essentials, joined with his rugged, colorful mode of writing, result in a series of most striking pictures of the contemporary kings of finance.

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5c the Copy of All Newsdealers

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Good Housekeeping is the unique success in Twentieth Century journalism. It helps to a better family life—less work, more joy, simpler living, less care, better health and real progress in getting the most out of life. Food, its preparation and its service, receive a proper share of attention, but the magazine is equally valuable in all parts of the home. It treats its readers as social beings, and it aims to help and gratify their mental and æsthetic natures.

While primarily for women, many topics will equally interest the men,—for example: Home Building, Health and Hygiene and Apartment Living The regular department each month, **FATHERS AND SONS,** is unique. It is written in a breezy fashion and is of surpassing interest to men and boys. It is conducted by a Captain of Industry, who has been as successful in raising a promising family as he has in business.

A Few of the Writers

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD
LADY ESSEX
MRS. AMELIA E. BARR
MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST
MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY
JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

Some Features

The Domestic Servant Problem
Cooking and Pure Food
Apartment Living in Principal Cities
The Latest Fashions. Home Building
New Ideas in House Furnishings
Health and Hygiene
Women's Exchange Work
Fancy Work and Handicraft
"Good Housekeeping Babies"
"The Housekeeper at Large"
Mistakes of Young Housekeepers
Games and Entertainments for Young and Old

A SPECIAL OFFER

The regular price of Good Housekeeping is $1.00 per year—10 cents per copy. It already regularly goes into 85,000 homes each month. In order, however, to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not now taken we will, upon receipt of 25 cents (silver, stamps or otherwise), send Good Housekeeping for three months, and for 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), to cover postage, we will present all who mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST with a copy of

The Cabinet Cook Book

Adapted from the Celebrated
"WHITE HOUSE COOK BOOK"

448 Pages, Over 1400 Recipes

This Cook Book may be said to be a revision of the famous "White House Cook Book" (regular price of which is $2.50). It contains all the most important recipes of the "White House," and as a popular edition is more easily within the reach of the masses. It was written by that world-famous chef, Hugo Ziemann, steward of the White House, assisted by the well-known expert, Mrs. F. L. Gillette. It is nicely printed and substantially bound in durable paper covers.

Actual Size, 6½ x 8 Inches

Agents Wanted Everywhere—Liberal Commissions

THE PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Publishers
New York SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Chicago

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D: 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

Copyright, 1902, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12, 1902 — NUMBER 2

A SCOUT OF THE AMERICAN INVASION

By Robert Barr

An amusing account of the first shock between the customs of the Old World and the ideas of the New

REALIZING that the way had to be prepared for J. Pierpont Morgan, I introduced American business methods into England, myself, before he ever thought of coming over. By a curious coincidence which tends to show that great minds run in the same channel, my first tussle with a fine old crusted British custom took place in Liverpool and was connected with the shipping interest. The commotion caused by Mr. Morgan in nautical circles the other day was as nothing to the row I raised before I was fairly ashore. My baggage went up from the landing stage to the Custom House on a sort of inclined railway while I walked up the stairs carrying a small satchel in my hand. A uniformed man at the foot of the stair deftly placed a chalk mark on my satchel.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"You'll find out when you reach the top," he answered.

It was my first visit to the old land, if I make exception of the day I took occasion to be born there, and I was unused to the ways of the country. I thought the chalk line was a customs mark and would possibly pass the satchel unopened, but I found it was the hobo sign of The Ancient and Honorable Waterman's Guild, and the pirate at the top demanded twelve cents.

"What for?" I inquired.

"A sixpence is charged for porterage on every article of baggage."

"But I am the porter so far as this satchel is concerned."

"It makes no difference," he said; "you might have sent the bag up in the lift. That's what it's there for."

I refused to pay, and the minions of the porter's company closed in on me. I was told there was no use in objecting. Everybody had to pay, but, as my American training had not instilled a slavish deference for precedent in me, I refused to part with the sixpence merely because every one else had done so. Besides, I was a Scotsman, and we have a story which warns us against banging a sixpence the moment we enter a strange city. So they sent for a policeman, who placed his hand on my shoulder in token of arrest, but also in a fatherly way, for he seemed reluctant to take me off, and confidentially advised me not to make a fool of myself, which is good counsel on any occasion. But by this time I was beyond the reach of reason, angered at the first imposition and the second threat of arrest, which was adding insult to injury.

"I have no option but to arrest you if you refuse to pay," said the man almost tearfully, for I think he sympathized with a stranger in a strange land, about to be taken in.

"All right; go ahead," said I. "I've got to stay *somewhere* in Liverpool to-night, and from what I hear of your best hotel I'd as soon be in jail as there. So move on; I'll stand by you. I'm staying in England a few years anyhow, so I'm in no hurry. You get no sixpence from me till you've earned it."

I was pleased to note that there was now a nonplussed air upon my captors. It was evident that affairs had never quite come to this point before, and if there had been previous discussions, which was likely, the advent of the officer of the law had been accepted as conclusive. The policeman's hand dropped from my shoulder, and he looked at the original claimant with an expression which said, "It's up to *you* now," if such a bit of slang had been invented at that early date. The claimant wavered, then sent for some one higher in authority than himself. The kindly policeman stepped back and I thought I detected just the shadow of a wink in his right eye. An important official bustled up, listened to the case against me, then said to me in a genial, offhand, expostulatory manner: "What's the use of making a fuss over a triviality like a sixpence?"

"I'm glad you take that view, and am sorry your people made a fuss, especially as they don't get the sixpence."

"You refuse to pay?" he asked sternly, as if this put an unexpected complexion on the crime.

"I've done nothing else *but* refuse."

"Oh, very well," he said, shrugging his shoulders and walking away, whereupon I did the same, but not before I had given a sixpence to the sympathetic policeman, advising him to expend it on anything that suggested itself to him. His appreciative smile seemed to indicate that he would have no difficulty in obeying orders.

My next contention with England was also on the subject of baggage, but in this round I was defeated. Although, like Morgan, I had conquered the Shipping Combine, the Railway Pool proved too much for me. It was my intention on reaching London to establish a publishing business, a branch of activity regarding which my ignorance was colossal; so I was unhampered by either knowledge or prejudice. It was my determination to learn, and to further my education I proposed to visit the leading paper makers and wholesale newsagents of the Midlands before going south to London. It seemed to me that it would be the easiest thing in the world for the railway company to take my trunks direct to London and hold them there till I called for them. I had a ticket to London, and I did not wish to be troubled with unnecessary baggage in making my round of the Midlands. The company, however, insisted that I should take the whole outfit with me. I tried to explain the checking system of America and its convenience for all concerned. They had heard that sort of talk before, and quite evidently did not believe it, for they knew it was right to give the industrious baggage thief a chance to earn a living, so I had to make the best of a bad state of things and succumb. Since that day the check system has been inaugurated between Liverpool and London, and the porterage swindle at the landing stage has been abolished, but Liverpool lost my custom by threatening me with prison. Although I have crossed the Atlantic thirty or forty times since then, I never again came ashore at Liverpool—and it did not get the sixpence, either.

My first encounter with the English business man was not a happy one. He was a Manchester paper maker, and somehow I expected that my project would appeal to his imagination, and that I might learn much from him. I hoped to establish in the oldest, largest and most literary city in the world a journal published in the newest, smallest and least literary city. I did not hail from New York or Philadephia or Boston, but from a Western town that would merely make a respectable suburb to any one of these places; a town which had produced no writer whose fame had ever crossed the Atlantic. To me, this seemed an interesting proposition; to every Englishman with whom I conferred it appeared to be madness mitigated by cheek. Had I been wise, which I was not, I should have contented myself with the humble and deferential clerk who received me at the counter of the business office. He was the man who would have been interested in my scheme, and who would have filled me with knowledge of white paper, but I insisted on seeing a principal, and with some reluctance the principal was produced. The great man did not invite me to his room, but came out himself to the counter with a frown on his brow which did not relax when he saw who had called him from his den. Apparently he sized me up as of no particular account, and my admission, in the first words I addressed to him, that I did not own a business but merely expected to start one, justified his contempt. I took from my pocket a number of the American issue, and handed it to him, saying:

"I expect to publish this journal in London shortly, and I wish to know how much a pound you charge for paper as good as this."

He ran the crackling sheet scornfully between finger and thumb, then said curtly:

"Sir, we don't make any paper so bad as that. Good-morning."

He left me standing there somewhat chagrined, and even the deferential clerk smiled at my discomfiture. I began to think, as the Private Secretary thought, that I wasn't going to like this people, although I have now no doubt my own offhand manner was much to blame for my reception. However, my gruff dismissal was to cost that man many thousands of dollars. I met this gentleman two years later when my account for white paper was one of the most valuable assets a mill could possess. He came to see me in London.

"Sir," said I, "when every other paper mill in the world is wiped out, I'll buy paper from you—or make it myself."

In my books I always laud the beauty of forgiveness, but sometimes I don't practice it myself.

The second business man I met was of very different calibre, and those who knew had impressed upon me the necessity of gaining his good will if I was to succeed. I was therefore delighted to find that I reached the inner chamber of his favor at the very first effort, and this encouraged me. He was a wholesale news-agent in a very large way and a publisher of importance. He received me with the utmost graciousness, and expressed the most unbounded faith in my mission. He would give me every assistance, and he certainly made me

HE PROPOSED THAT HE SHOULD DO THE PUBLISHING FOR A CERTAIN VERY LARGE REMUNERATION

glow with joy as I sat in his dingy private room. He proposed that he should do the publishing for a certain very large remuneration, as he understood all the ins and outs of the business which I quite evidently didn't. I demurred at this because I wished to have personal control of the publishing, and because I thought the publishing should be done in London, which was the centre of all things British. He gave many reasons to show that I was wrong, and we parted without coming to terms, but with the assurance that I should have his heartiest support, whoever did the publishing. When the glow of satisfaction at this interview subsided I became conscious of a vague distrust of the man. If the paper maker had been too gruff, the news publisher had been just a trifle too sweet, but I was assured in London that I had made a most important capture. Before I began business on the Strand I enlisted the coöperation of an Englishman of business, who understood the ways of his country, which were becoming more and more of a puzzle to me. I expected this man to keep me from making blunders, and in part he succeeded, but it was a big contract.

With the issue of our first number, Mr. X, my suave wholesale news-agent in the Midlands, ordered 15,000 copies, which was heroic. Next week, X increased his order a thousand copies, and the fourth week his demand was for no less than 25,000. Here was success with a vengeance! My business man was jubilant, but I was apprehensive. It seemed incredible that X should be selling double the quantity that the largest dealer in England was ordering, a firm that possessed all the railway bookstalls in the Kingdom. We had to take "returns"—that is, the unsold copies—and pay freight on them, and if these returns came back in large quantities we would be crushed by the triple expense of paper, printing and carriage. In spite of advice I wrote to X and asked him how many copies he was selling. He replied that the paper was going strong, but that he could not give figures until about three months, when accounts came in from his customers. This was plausible but unsatisfactory, and when his fourth order came in amounting to 25,000 I was strongly tempted not to fill it, but was persuaded not to offend so powerful a magnate. It was pointed out to me that no sane tradesman would order more papers than he had use for; he was not in the business to play practical jokes, and I had to admit that this was a reasonable view. Nevertheless the morning after the 25,000 went north, I went north too. I did not call on the bland Mr. X, but I visited his huge warehouse, over each door of which was placed a sign, "Positively no admittance on any pretense." I did not seek admission on any pretense; I simply went in. The first object that struck my eye was a mountain of our bundles, just as they had been sent from London; not a wrapper removed; not a cord cut. If his orders had been honest, these bundles should have been distributed among his customers all over the district he controlled.

I took the next train back to London, and wrote to Mr. X that his orders were so large, and I was so much afraid of returns, that hereafter I should treat each of his orders as an

"TAKE YOUR LITTLE SHOP AND GO TO THUNDER!" I CRIED

absolute sale, and advised him to cut down his quantity each week to the actual demands of his trade. He replied indignantly that it was impossible to carry on the newspaper business under these limitations, and hinted that if I were better acquainted with the rules of the traffic I should know this without being told. He renewed his offer of publishing the paper, and reiterated his belief in its future. I thanked him for his good wishes, but held to my motto of "Quick profits and *no* returns." He replied, in a tone of mild regret, that if I persisted in forcing impossible terms upon him he should reluctantly be compelled to cease doing business with us, and warned me that, if once reluctantly compelled to cease, no terms I could offer would induce him to begin again. I bade him a courteous good-by (by mail) and our connection ceased as politely as it had begun.

Now, I had done all this jauntily enough, but when it was finished there was a panic in our office. Our chief customer had dropped out. So far as we were concerned, a large section of the most populous part of England was blotted from the map, for X stood at the gate of this district. His customers would apply to him for the paper and would get the order sheet back with the letters "N. P." ("Not Published") opposite our name. Against this we had no redress. X had been established a century, more or less, while we had been going for little over a month. His was a big business; ours did not amount to anything. The contest was unequal, for he could afford to wait, and I couldn't. I hitched my business on to my inclination. I had a yearning desire to see England, but had had no opportunity up to date. I started on a tour in the district that belonged to X.

On arriving in any town I hired a cab by the hour and visited the retail news-agents, one by one. When I called on a man I lured him out to have a cup of tea or something stronger if he wanted it; I told him the latest imported stories, and listened to his, and in five minutes I was his oldest friend. I never had such a good time in my life. Some of the retailers were standoffish at first, but never for long. I agreed to send them the paper direct, pay freight, and wait their own convenience for settlement. Never before had such credit been offered in the news trade. In three weeks' time I had seen very thoroughly one district of England, had made some hundreds of acquaintances, and had Mr. X's trade at my finger-ends. Unless he had some customers concealed in the woods, I knew them all. My chief adviser in London shook his head over this business when I told him my adventures.

"LEFT IN HIS PALM TWO GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS"

"Oh, you can send the papers all right, but you'll never collect your money," he said. "Retail news-agents are most of them dishonest, and all of them poor."

He proved to be only half right. They were poor. Often I received an appeal for more time, sometimes accompanied by pathetic details of domestic trouble or business disaster, and I always replied promptly telling the applicant to take all the time he needed; to brace up and drink a cup of coffee at my expense out of the account. The loss on dealing proved to be incredibly small.

Months passed and I began to fear I should have to take over the business of Mr. X if he didn't capitulate. The circulation of the paper was increasing week by week, and the sending of these parcels to small dealers was becoming more and more inconvenient in spite of our enlarged premises. At last I received a telegram from Mr. X asking me to call upon him. He had some proposals to make. I replied that in such a case he had better come up to London. These were my busy days. I telegraphed him that London was an attractive place, full of museums and picture-galleries, and that I'd have great pleasure in showing him around. A week later he called in on me, smiling and bland as when we first met. He began by begging my permission to express his regret at the way we had been used at the first. The circumstance had only come to his knowledge the day he telegraphed. The fault was entirely due to a dishonest manager, whom he had discharged.

"We are all liable to be injured by the dishonesty of others," I answered sympathetically, "but be thankful you have discovered this man to be a rogue in time, for in another month I was going to start a wholesale news-agency in your town."

"Do you think you know enough of the trade to succeed?" he asked, with a benign smile.

"Well, considering the fact that it took you half a year to learn what was going on in your own warehouse, while I, living in London, discovered the situation in a month, I guess I'd succeed. Don't you think so?"

He admitted there was a possibility of success, but urged there was no necessity of my taking the risk as he was willing to do all he could for the paper, and so the feud was settled.

Mr. X ran straight enough after that, so far as I was aware, but I knew that he had broken the backs of several new ventures whose proprietors had refused his publishing terms. He would villainously overorder for three months, and then dump back the lot of unsold copies on the victims.

I suspected X of getting up a combination of the northern wholesale trade against me on one occasion, but if he had anything to do with it his soft hand was invisible. It was a beautiful corner, took me completely by surprise, and lasted just about fifteen minutes after I tackled it. I hope the reader will excuse all this bragging about my own power of dealing with the unexpected under conditions new to me, but if he will reflect a moment he will recognize that *I* am telling the stories, and that naturally I am going to conceal the numerous occasions on which I was utterly routed. When the other fellow's innings come on, then you will learn how he triumphed and how I was floored.

As our prosperity increased we took to publishing Christmas numbers. There was no particular reason why we should have done this sort of thing, but other noted papers did it, so why shouldn't we? Dickens had started the game, and so we kept it up at the old stand. The venture proved successful, and therefore we went on. I may say that we published in a Christmas number a story of Kipling's which we could get no American paper to take, nor could we convince any American editor that this young fellow was the coming man. One midsummer, the wholesale news trade of the north demanded better terms than we were giving, but, as our terms were the same as other publications of like price were giving, I saw no reason for lowering our figure. I was a little nervous until the orders came in, but they came in all right, with no indication of future trouble. The morning after the Christmas numbers were dispatched I was alone in the office when a telegram arrived from a leading news-agent in Glasgow, saying he had received the packages, but that he would not open them, nor attempt to dispose of them, until I agreed to the terms put forth by the trade in midsummer. Please wire reply. I surmised that this message was a feeler, and that if I succumbed the rest of the trade would be down on me, demanding the previously refused terms, but within half an hour I found I was face to face with a "combine," for similar dispatches came in from all the leading wholesalers—in the Midlands, the North, and Scotland.

They had me rather at a disadvantage, for this occurred on the day announced for simultaneous publication all over the land; they were in possession of the bulk of the edition; the plates had been taken off the presses in London, and putting them on again and reprinting meant a delay of anywhere from two weeks to a month, for every printing machine in England was being overworked by the Christmas output. On the other hand, the disadvantage of the revolters was that the wholesalers of London were not in the combination, and that my Christmas numbers were that morning being exposed for sale at all the railway bookstalls in England, Scotland and Ireland, and as a Briton is accustomed to get what he wants *somewhere*, the revolters would be merely turning away their own customers to the head monopolists of the railway stalls. I was convinced that the combination was bound to break of its own weight in a few days through stress of competition, but the check our publication would receive by missing the sale of these days might make all the difference between coining money on the edition and losing it.

I resolved to play on that trait of human nature which causes a man to distrust and sometimes to hate his rival in business. In each of the towns from which I had received telegrams there were at least two wholesalers. Say Brown and Jones were the two principal men in the news trade of Glasgow; I sent to each a telegram that was practically a duplicate of the message forwarded to the other:

Brown, News-agent, Glasgow:

We are out of print in London, and cannot supply further demand. Please turn over to Jones all copies you can spare. Answer, stating number forwarded to Jones.

Before noon I had replies from every man on the list, each refusing to bestow a single copy on his rival, so all was well that ended well, and I never had any trouble with them afterward.

I used to enjoy knocking around the country and calling on the news-agents. They always received me nicely, with one or two exceptions, and I shall never forgive a man in Southampton who played it low down on me. His shop was a small affair, and gave him no right to come the high and mighty on me, who had come from so important a place as London. He began by sneering at America the moment he heard my accent; then he sneered at my publication, and, asking me where I hailed from, said he had never heard of Detroit, and ventured to intimate that it was one of those unknown outposts of the frontier inhabited mostly by savages. "Savages?" I cried indignantly; "why, it's a city five times as big as Southampton, and a thousand times more

enterprising. You think Southampton is a port, but allow me to tell you that more shipping sails the Detroit River in a week than Southampton ever saw in a year."

"Oh, the village is on a river, is it? I thought you said it was out West on the prairies. I suppose you have more Indian canoes on that thread of water than we have ships."

"Sir, you should go to a night school and learn something of geography. The Detroit River is over a mile wide, and would float all the shipping England possesses without the slightest inconvenience or risk of collision."

"Really? How far is that from the sea?"

"Oh, about a thousand miles."

The man drew himself up, virtuously indignant.

"If you think," he said severely, "that you can come over here and get us to believe such absurd tales as that, you are very much mistaken. I advise you to moderate your statements. We are a conservative people and our confidence is never gained by unmitigated falsehood."

"Oh, you take your confidence and your little shop and go to thunder," I cried in anger. "I want neither your confidence nor your custom."

"Then what did you come in for?"

"Well, I'm going to remedy that mistake by going out again. Good-by."

I turned to go when he shouted:

"Hold on, Barr; what's the matter with you? You *used* to be a genial fellow. I recognized you the moment you came in, but I saw you didn't remember me, so I took a rise out of you. I was manager of Vail & Crane's Cracker Works in Detroit for several years, until a relative left me this shop, and I was fool enough to come over here, and now I don't suppose I'll ever earn enough money to get back. I haven't seen any one from Detroit for three years. How's all the boys, anyhow?"

The Unexpected Return of the Ichthyosaurus

One of the most delightful and charming of men was the late Henry Vickers, wholesale news-agent of the Strand, whose place of business was almost next door to my office. No man knew more about the trade and its uncertainties than he, and his wisdom was always at my disposal. His news-agent's business was immensely prosperous, while on the other hand he was making constant incursions into the publishing field which failed almost invariably. I don't suppose any man in London started more weeklies which died so soon. He always knew enough to let go, but hope sprang eternally in his breast, and it was his ambition to be the proprietor of a popular weekly, which he never was. He was very rich and attended constantly to business, sitting on a high stool at a desk taking in the money, occupying a position which gave him a view over all his premises and over his numerous employees. I never saw him away from that stool. One early morning by gas-light, when I ranged Fleet Street from midnight onward to learn of the disposal of the great dailies, I dropped in and found him on his perch; he was always there at night when I left. I could never get him to come out and have lunch with me; he contented himself by munching a sandwich and drinking a glass of ale at his elevated desk. He was a little man and reminded me of a bird on a twig, as he inclined his head to listen to me when I came in. All our conferences took place amidst the roar of the demand and supply of every sort of periodical: the outside of the long counter two or three deep with applicants; the inside thronged with busy shopmen. The money flowed in on each side of him, and he made change accurately while carrying on a conversation with me or any one else. My visits seemed to supply that want in his nature which others satisfy by gambling or theatre-going or horse-racing. Unaccountable Providence had blown me in on him, and such a Wild West specimen of humanity had never occurred before even in his dreams. He looked upon me as a naturalist might have regarded the unexpected return of the ichthyosaurus. My supreme confidence, united with an illimitable ignorance, fascinated him. It was as if a man sat down to play whist with experts, not even knowing the names of the cards. His first feeling for me was one of gentle pity mingled with a mild amusement which brought a kindly smile to his face whenever I entered. He often advised me to chuck it and go home while I still had a penny left me, for he knew I was to be rooked. The pity changed gradually to wonder as his own groaning counters gave him proof that I was succeeding along the line he had so often essayed in vain.

A Private War on the Tipping System

Henry Vickers gave me the most valuable bit of advice I ever received in London. I was annoyed and disgusted to find that I had to tip everybody, from manager downward, if I wanted circulars or specimen copies sent out, or even to get them to put our paper on their lists. These people and myself looked upon things from opposite points of view. To me this custom seemed bribery and corruption; to them it was a perfectly legitimate perquisite; an unwritten but understood part of their agreement with their employer. I told Mr. Vickers I did not intend to fall in with this universal rule. To my amazement he asked me if I had yet visited Windsor Castle, which seemed to have nothing particular to do with the case. I had not, and he urged me to go, and keep my eyes open. When I returned, he asked me what I had seen, and I told him.

"Nothing else?" he asked with that birdlike chirrup of his; "didn't you tip the man who showed you through?"

"Yes, because he lined us up and held out his hand. As all the rest did, I couldn't stand out alone."

"Didn't you see on the walls cards to the effect that no gratuities were allowed?"

"Yes, but, I tell you, the man held us up and went through us."

"Now doesn't it strike you that, if the Queen of England cannot stop tipping in her own house, you are likely to fail if you try the same thing in her realm? When I start a new paper I always give a man a handful of silver to go round among my own employees and tip them for putting my own circulars in my own packets. If you are resolved to overturn a custom of five hundred years' standing, leave publishing alone until you've done it. If you are going to publish, fall in with our customs. One thing at a time, my boy."

I never did any tipping, but I can take no credit for that, as I allowed my English partner to do it. One big house in London set its face against the bribery of its employees, but, as we found we were losing custom by refraining, the men were "seen" by our canvasser, with immediate results. This went on for a year or two. Then some virtuous person, probably new to his position, informed on us, and an important sub-manager came to the office to see us about it. I turned him over to our English business man, and although present at their conference I said nothing, for I was dead against the pernicious habit, anyhow. Our business manager said very little, either, and the visitor gave him a most severe lecture, showing up the dishonesty of our act as vividly as I could have done it myself. As I listened I waxed more and more indignant, because I was being vicariously tongue-lashed for a sin which I had not imported, but found here on my arrival; but nevertheless the firm now dealing censure out to us was a most important one and I recognized that this was an excellent opportunity for me to keep quiet, and let the Englishmen fight it out. Our business manager took his drubbing most humbly and shook hands warmly with his castigator, assuring him that he would find no further need of complaint.

"Well!" said I when the virtuously indignant man had left, "you were quite right to give him your assurances, but the fault does not lie with us, and I'd have seen him hanged before I shook hands with him, as if he had been my oldest friend."

"My dear fellow," replied the calm business manager, "when I shook hands with him so cordially I left in his palm two golden sovereigns!"

"Great Heavens!" I cried, "we'll be wiped off the face of the earth, or off his books at least."

"You'll see," was the confident assurance.

And I did. We had no more trouble with that honorable firm or its stern representative.

An Attempt to Fee the Queen's Uncle

When I said I never gave a tip, I ought perhaps to add that once upon a time I offered one, which, to my surprise, was not accepted. I engaged to write for an American paper some articles on the London parks, and I asked a friend how I could get accurate information regarding them.

"Nothing simpler," said the Englishman. "Drop a line to the Ranger of Hyde Park, and he will set you right."

I wrote a courteous note to the Ranger, and told him I did not mind parting with a dollar or two if he could put me in the way of writing an interesting article. My communication was ignored, so fearing I had not offered enough I again consulted my English friend, and told him the amount proffered.

"That was very generous of you," he said sarcastically, "and I am amazed your munificence has not met a readier response, for the Ranger of Hyde Park is His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, uncle to the Queen, and I am sure his expenses must be large!"

So it will be seen that bribery is one of those poor rules that does not work in all directions.

BILLY IN BURMA

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

His trip around the world. His misadventure with the Argentine Republic. His detention at Rangoon. His meeting with Eleanor and an unwritten chapter of the Spanish War

THE year in which Billy undertook to circumscribe the globe—it was the year of hostilities with Spain—I heard from him for the first few months frequently. He wrote me from Rome of his audience with a Cardinal—he had grasped and airily shaken the great man's outstretched fingers instead of kissing the ring, as he afterward discovered he was expected to do. He also told me of a very wonderful affair at an embassy—a diplomatic breakfast, I think it was. Billy cut his ear while shaving for this festivity, and, as he wrote me, kept the United States, Great Britain and Germany—to say nothing of "the Argentine Republic and a lot of other little sun-dried Powers"—waiting thirteen awful minutes for their midday meal. How he had happened in the first place to be asked to a diplomatic breakfast he neglected to explain; I was compelled to believe that such invitations did not in the least bewilder him—that, in fact, he regarded them merely as a fitting recognition of his arrival in a foreign capital.

His next letter was from Corfu, whither he had betaken himself from Venice on an Italian freight-boat. He had been the only passenger and was desperately lonely until the consoling thought occurred to him that it was quite like owning a yacht full of unseaworthy guests. I believe he changed all the hours for meals (they had come at strange Italian intervals) and enjoyed himself extravagantly. In writing his letter, Billy must have stopped to look out of the window a great deal at the beauties of Corfu, for on every page, apropos of nothing that I could see, he quoted Byron—incorrectly.

At Cairo he fell in with some young officers of a Scotch regiment stationed there and his letters for a time were brilliant with "philobegs" and "mess-jackets," "cairngorms" and "sporrans." They must have been good fellows—the young lieutenants—and particularly good to Billy. For when they marched gayly past Shepheard's hotel one hot afternoon in January on their way to Khartum (some of them were destined to stay there a very long time) Billy said that Cairo was a dreary, overrated place, and left for India and the East.

From Rangoon, in Burma, I had two letters from him—literary curiosities, so characteristic of Billy and so unlike each other that I pondered long on the abrupt change of mood that had prompted the last one. I say "last" advisedly, for I did not hear from him again. The first of these epistles was in the inconsequent, prattling vein of Billy the enthusiastic globe-trotter—the gleeful looker-on. It babbled of incredible elephants that with skill and authority conducted the various operations of a sawmill. It lisped in rapturous numbers of the Burmese women—their musical laughter, their business ability, their clothes. "Can I ever shop again," he exclaims, "in lands where the saleswomen don't wait on one in clinging drapery effects of cherry—violet—rose—jonquil-colored silks—loose jackets of embroidered linen (oh, the neatness and the sweetness of these jackets! They have long unbroken creases in each cool sleeve; to look at them gives you a 'you've-just-this-minute-put-them-on' sensation); gauzy scarfs floating like bits of cloud from their necks and shoulders (you remember that portrait of the Empress Louise, don't

"I CAME ALL THE WAY BACK TO ENLIST"

you?), and yellow flowers nestling in their black, black hair? But be strong—be brave; the disclosure I am about to make is very sad. You recall, no doubt, that 'He seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot'? Well, they all do—great fat ones as big around as a broomstick and more than a foot long. As you know, I have ever been generous with my heart, but, *hélas*, it is still my own."

After William's next communication, however, I was inclined to read this statement with a somewhat skeptical eye, not that I for a moment thought he had ventured along the road to Mandalay. As a matter of fact, he began his letter by saying he had abandoned his idea of going up the Irrawaddy altogether, and was still in Rangoon awaiting the return of a young Englishman with whom he had been traveling for a few weeks. "A nice boy," wrote Billy, who himself had just achieved a twenty-second birthday, "but carried away with the idea of hearing tigers make a noise in the jungle when the steamer ties up for the night." "That sort of thing" did not just then interest Billy. Rumors of war were more absorbing, and "the Reuter telegrams of ten and fifteen discreet words in the Rangoon paper are maddening," he complains. "I can't be sure of anything except that I ought to go home and enlist; of that I am convinced." But immediately following this patriotic conviction came an astonishing homily on "man's duty to society and himself" (Billy unselfishly gave precedence to the multitude), in which for two pages my young friend became oblivious to his previously expressed desire to "right great wrongs." As far as I could ascertain, man's whole duty to society and himself consisted in marrying with reckless precipitation "a beautiful and noble girl of one's own race" and sharing with her an idyllic Paul and Virginia sort of existence in a geographically vague elysium that, I afterward learned, was conveniently situated on the North Shore of Massachusetts. The baffling screed closed with renewed declarations of an intention to return home and to enlist. It left me wondering whether Billy's casual pen had not perhaps confused the words "martial" and "marital." But one warm evening, late in the summer, Billy himself danced breathlessly into my apartment.

"I knew I'd find you—something told me," he exclaimed; "I didn't suppose you'd dine until late this warm evening. I meant to send a note from the dock to make sure, but I was so afraid that the butterflies would get broken that I forgot all about it. The heat in the Custom House was worse than India; so I just took all the keys and bundled Eleanor and her uncle into a cab as soon as we landed. I've been down there all afternoon and they didn't break a wing—not a solitary an—an—— What's the singular of antennæ?"

I suggested "Antinous."

"Well, they're all safe, anyhow," Billy declared.

"I thought you were in China," I ventured, for I had not the dimmest idea what he was talking about.

"Why, haven't you heard?" he asked, grasping my arm.

I confessed my unfathomable ignorance.

"I came all the way back to enlist."

"The war," I callously remarked, "is over."

"Well, don't blame me—I didn't know it," Billy returned with spirit. "They could have had me if they'd waited; I was firm. Eleanor said that was the main point, after all."

"And who, pray, is Eleanor?"

"Don't you even know that?" Billy scanned me with incredulous eyes. "Eleanor and I are engaged," he blurted out by way of identification.

"So you must have decided to combine the service of your country and the whole duty of man to society and himself, after all," I mused.

"No," Billy admitted, "I think Eleanor did that; I couldn't decide anything."

"Sagacious Eleanor; I should like to make your acquaintance."

"If the trunks come in time you're going to dine with us and go to a show," Billy replied, from which I inferred that Eleanor, though wise, was still young.

"Oh, that I had a hundred imperative engagements that I might break them all for Eleanor," I courteously accepted.

"You would have made it a thousand if you knew her," Billy declared radiantly. "She's the most——"

"Stop," I commanded; "we'll reach that part in due time. It's all very well as a sort of peroration, but I prefer to begin at the moment when you glanced resentfully up at her over the top of a newspaper in a railway carriage, and groaned, 'Oh, here's a woman; I sha'n't be able to smoke,' or scowled at the head waiter as he ushered her up to your table in the dining-room."

"It was in the dining-room—at the hotel in Rangoon," Billy shyly admitted. "But I didn't see her and her uncle come in because the door was at my back; I didn't even notice that they were sitting down at my table, because I was so interested in the ants."

"In the *what?*"

"In the ants—Burma's full of them. All the beds and all the dining-room tables stood in bowls of water to discourage the little beasts from crawling up, but every now and then the servants would forget to fill them and there would be the most terrible invasions. That day a vast army had welled out of a crack in the dining-room floor, scaled the dizzy table-leg and stretched across the table from corner to corner—a black ribbon six inches wide. They were perfectly well behaved and marching along like soldiers; they merely wanted to get down again without confusion into another crack on the other side—they're so clever. I didn't realize at the time that they were hurrying off to the cocoanut mattress on my bed."

"And Eleanor?" I interrupted.

"I'm just coming to her. The long, slow, strange procession must have hypnotized me, I think, for I didn't realize that any one was opposite until a sudden swish of the punkah sent a whole platoon of the little pests head over heels all over the table. They were probably the aged and infirm of the hegira, for they didn't seem to have a very good grip on the tablecloth. Well, there was a sudden exclamation and I looked up—straight into Eleanor's eyes."

"And after that what did you do?" I urged; for Billy had forgotten everything in the memory of the delirious instant.

"Why, I looked down again almost immediately," he replied. "Then she turned to the old gentleman with her and spoke. Dear Heaven—she spoke."

"Saying ——?"

"'I think we have made a mistake, dear. This is not the dining-room; it is the ante-room.'" Billy threw back his head and stared ecstatically at the ceiling. "From that moment," he declared slowly, "I loved her."

"And she, of course, was equally dazzled by you," I suggested.

"Heavens, no!" Billy replied indignantly. "It was ages after that before she gave me a second thought. It must have been three days at the very least."

"Oh, indeed. And what led you to believe that she was thinking of you even then?"

"Why, I didn't believe so at the time," Billy confessed. "I didn't find it out until later. But she was," he added diffidently, "even then. She said it looked as if we were going to have war."

"Subsequent events seem to have proved that Eleanor is a prophetic soul," I said, "but I don't see what the remark had to do with you."

"Oh, you don't! Well, it's evident you don't know Eleanor. It had everything to do with me," Billy declared. "That was the trouble. You see, we got to know each other rather well in a comparatively short time—now, you needn't laugh sarcastically; the circumstances were peculiar. All the rooms of the hotel opened on a broad gallery one flight up overlooking the street, and we hardly ever left the spot for a month. For getting to know the best or the worst of a person it wasn't unlike a long sea-voyage."

"With the whole of Burma waiting to be investigated," I shrugged, "you both must have been either very agreeable or very lazy. Did the old gentleman sit there, too?"

"Her uncle? No, indeed; he'd gone up the Irrawaddy—away beyond Mandalay—to catch butterflies in a temperature of a hundred and fourteen. There aren't any butterflies in Burma any more; they're all in little boxes at the Waldorf-Astoria. You just ought to see them; there's one kind that ——"

"Do you mean to say," I interrupted, "that Eleanor's uncle went away for a month and left that child all alone in a Rangoon hotel?"

"Certainly not," replied Billy. "She had an old fool of a Chinese ayah, with feet that looked like toy flat-irons, and Mrs. McMash. Didn't I mention Mrs. McMash? She sat on the gallery with us. In America Mrs. McMash is the housekeeper, and in Europe she's Eleanor's maid, and in Asia—where you can't get along without a native servant—she's just Mrs. McMash. She's a wonderful woman in spite of the fact that she never makes but one remark."

"Because of the fact, you mean; look at Patrick Henry and Nathan Hale and all that crowd."

"Yes," Billy agreed, "but Mrs. McMash's exclamation somehow doesn't seem to me to be the kind of which Third Readers are made. The only thing she ever says, and she says it no matter what happens, is, 'Well, ain't that comical?' But I haven't told you why we so rarely left the gallery. At one end of the town everybody had smallpox; in the middle—where we were—most of them had cholera; and at the other end there was a perfect carnival of bubonic plague."

"What a charming little city!"

"Oh, you get so that things like that don't worry you over there. In India they used to haul me out of the railway carriages once in so often, stand me up with the other passengers on the station platform, then feel our pulses and examine our tongues and ask us what towns we'd stayed in last. At night, when I'd been asleep, I never could remember—the names are so absurd—so, of course, they always looked at me with suspicion and thought I had something."

"These souvenirs of travel, my dear child, have all the fascination of a stereopticon, but they fail to explain Eleanor," I objected.

"Now, don't hurry me; I was just coming to her. Her uncle left her behind in Rangoon—I told you that much; and as we had all talked together at tiffin (I use that word a lot now; it's almost as effective as 'punkah') it was only natural that she should look up from her book and nod when I came out of my room and found her reading on the gallery the next morning. She was leaning back in one of those enormous tropical chairs—the kind that has broad, flat, wooden arms like tables, with room enough for books and soda-water bottles, writing materials and sewing, all at once. Those chairs seem all right in the tropics," Billy mused, "but they would be your ruin over here, because when you once get into one—surrounded by everything you need, with a madrassi staring into space on the floor near by, ready to get you the hundred and one things you don't need, but now and then think you do, why, no reason in the world seems good enough to get up for. You just sit there for hours and days. Eleanor and I sat there for weeks.

"She was all in white; I had on a fresh white-duck suit myself," Billy went on absently, as if he had caught sight of this chaste tableau in one of the upper corners of my room.

"And altogether, you were both pleasantly aware that two very charming persons happened to be staying at the same hotel," I added. At which the honest William replied meditatively:

"If you ever do feel charming in a hot country, it's early in the morning about a minute and a half after you've put on a clean white-duck suit. Now, I always had breakfast on the gallery," he continued, "just to get what pitiful little freshness there was in the air before it slunk away for the day. It wasn't really fresh at all, but the sun hadn't come around to that side yet, and a tatooed man—bent double—his legs trembling under the weight of a great, bloated goat-skin—used to stagger past, sprinkling the narrow street below; he squirted the water out of the goat's neck; it was most amusing. For a quarter of an hour or so after that you felt alive and almost normal. It was a valuable incident in the day. But that morning as I stood there asking Eleanor how she liked Rangoon, I decided to breakfast in the stuffy dining-room with the ants and the monotonous sawing of the punkah-ropes and the Australian lady with the wooden leg, who engaged me in conversation."

"You never mentioned *her*," I murmured resentfully.

"She's quite tiresome and unimportant, and has nothing to do with what I'm telling you."

"How on earth did you know she had a wooden leg?" I wondered.

"Why, she told me she had, and when—just to be politely incredulous—I said, 'Who would have thought it!' or 'I never suspected it,' or some such thing, she showed it to me."

"Why, Billy!"

"Oh, it seemed perfectly natural at the time—I don't mean the leg, of course, which was a most old-fashioned affair; I think she said it had formerly belonged to a sea-captain who'd had his own bitten off by a shark. Well, where were we? Oh, yes—but when I turned to go inside, there was my servant standing at the door with the breakfast-tray. It hadn't occurred to him that I might prefer to eat elsewhere that morning. And, after all, there wasn't any especial reason why I should have, I suppose. However, when I was explaining things to him, Eleanor put down her book again and said: 'Don't let me drive you away; it's much nicer out here.' So I changed my mind and stayed.

"For a variety of reasons, I'm glad I did," Billy declared reflectively. "To begin with—in a calm, unemotional sort of way, I think Eleanor saved my life. I was sitting in the big chair facing hers, with my tray on the arm, and was just about to begin my breakfast when she closed her book over one of her fingers and said: 'I shouldn't eat that butter if I were you. In Borneo, Uncle and I went to the funeral of a poor, dear, obstinate German naturalist who would eat butter.' Then a few minutes later when I was raising a glass of milk to my lips she closed her book again. 'When we were in Surabaya,' she murmured, 'we dined one evening with a Dutch lady and gentleman who *would* drink milk, and *what* do you suppose we did the next afternoon when we went to pay our call?'

"'Oh, I don't know,' I said; 'you probably sat in a stiff parlor and sipped coffee.'

"'We each took a costly wreath and put it on our hosts' graves,' answered Eleanor. 'That's the place where at certain seasons people brush their teeth with Apollinaris.'

"So," Billy added, "I had the butter and milk taken away.

"I told you, didn't I, that from the moment I saw Eleanor and heard her speak I—I——"

"Yes—you told me that," I broke in hastily. "We'll take that for granted. Go on."

"Well, the days that followed only strengthened that first wonderful realization. We sat on the gallery and watched the slow, brilliant crowd swarming through the hot little street below us—sallow, yellow-robed Buddhist priests swaying along in pairs; one with a great copper bowl in his hands to collect food in, the other striking a little gong that gave out the sweetest, softest tone in the world. I have five gongs in my trunk. Every now and then when I want to see Burma I dig one out, close my eyes and strike it. Then there were the little women I wrote you about—dressed in bits of the rainbow and smoking cheroots—and the little men, dressed in next to nothing at all but their own clean, brown skins and some tatooing. And there were prosperous, rich-looking Chinamen in pajamas of pale violet or gray or cream-colored crape, and gigantic Sikh soldiers from India with turbans like the domes of a mosque. Oh, there was no end of things to look at and listen to and smell; the scent of

the yellow flowers in the women's hair—the incense and opium from the upper windows of a Chinese house over the way—the sultry river breeze that blew in the evening across the cargoes of spice strewn along the docks. I might have become tired of it all if I'd been alone," Billy reflected, "but I didn't get tired, and I began to wonder whether I couldn't postpone my going away until the ship after the next. You see, I'd taken passage in the next, which was due in ten days, for, before I'd met Eleanor, I'd made up my mind that if there was war I'd go home and enlist.

"One morning, as I told you, Eleanor glanced at the English paper and said she thought matters at home were reaching a crisis. It was then that our trouble began. I don't remember what I said, and I don't think I did anything, although Eleanor has since declared that I looked sheepish and pretended to see something in the street that wasn't there. Anyhow, I caused her to think great, complicated and disturbing thoughts. That—as I told you—was the first time she thought about me at all. The cholera germs in the milk and butter didn't count; she'd have done that for anybody.

"You see, Eleanor has 'intuitions' (isn't that what ladies call their faculty of jumping at perfectly unjustifiable conclusions that you afterward find out are quite correct?). She decided then and there that I was determined to go home and enlist, but that I should miss the next boat if I possibly could. Don't ask me how she did it, for I don't know; but she did it."

"I'm obliged to assume that she loved you," I marveled, "but, *dio mio*—she'd met you only three or four days before; she didn't know anything about you."

"Didn't know anything about me? She knew *everything* about me," Billy declared. "Why, I hadn't talked to her for half an hour before I found out that her grandfather's house used to be right next door to my grandmother's; and when her grandfather built an addition that interfered with my grandmother's view, my grandmother put up a spite fence thirty-three feet high that cut off all his light. She also allowed a variety theatre to use his side of it for a bill-board. Talk about your Montagues and Capulets—why, I was brought up to suppose that Eleanor's family was entirely composed of human devils, and she says she never can remember the time she didn't believe that ours was a gang of highwaymen."

"Your engagement was inevitable," I admitted. "Go on."

"Yes, it was inevitable," Billy agreed, "and so was the war. We were very happy until the day it was declared—that is to say, I was. You see, I had so much to think about that the liberation of Cuba didn't seem particularly pressing. I used to forget all about it until Eleanor would mention it, and then become silent and look thoughtful and troubled. At that time we didn't speak of my going away. I tried to forget about that, too. Eleanor didn't, though, and, as the little telegrams in the morning paper grew more ominous daily, our relations in one way became rather strained. It would be difficult to tell you how and why, for I don't think that even Eleanor's ideas about it were altogether definite. There was simply a subject that we very elaborately ignored, and when you—well, when you like a person exceedingly, you know how trying it is to have Bluebeard's little key forever dangling upon one's golden chain of thought. I didn't talk about the probable war because it was pleasanter under the circumstances to forget about it. Eleanor avoided it—oh, for various reasons. She didn't, on the one hand, like to think of my going away (I may say that to you). But on the other—she hated to think of my staying."

"Why?" I unpatriotically demanded.

"On account of the principle of the thing," Billy exclaimed, apparently shocked. "An important principle was at stake. I probably shouldn't have found it out myself, but, now that I see it, I think it's great. I had fully determined to fight and bleed and die and all that, and there I was—within an ace of chucking the whole thing and letting the country go to the dogs. It wasn't right, you know. Eleanor saw it from the first; it made her very sad. She would have been sad if I'd gone away, but she said it would be worse if I stayed—because then she would have been disappointed in me. She had realized this all along, but she didn't mention it until the evening of the day on which war was declared. She had to, then, you know, for my ship sailed early the next morning.

"It was a frightfully hot day. We spent it on the gallery as usual, but we hardly talked at all. In the morning Eleanor pretended to read the Rangoon paper for an hour or so—it takes about a minute to read everything in it—but I knew that she was merely staring at the fourteen-word telegram we had been expecting so drearily. It was an interminable—an odious day; I don't know how we ever got through it. The sun sank at last, however, and we walked down to the river—Mrs. McMash lumbering along behind—to get a breath of air. We often did that after sunset; it wasn't far and the way didn't lie through crowded streets. Neither of us spoke on the way, nor for some time after we got there and sat down on a coil of rope on the landing. Out in the river there was a steamer, coaling. We watched the swarm of grimy men trotting up a steep plank with baskets of coal on their heads until—just at the same instant—we realized that it was the steamer that was to take me away—if I went. In the other direction there was a sailing vessel—an immense, calm, beautiful, four-masted thing with a network of rigging standing out black against the evening sky. For a time we stared at it in miserable silence. Then suddenly a puff of wind ruffled across the water and died away on the hot shore. It was followed by another—and another, until they came so fast that they all seemed to join and make the evening breeze. A limp flag at the schooner's masthead flapped listlessly—we hadn't noticed it before—then it slowly unfurled itself and floated gently out on the wind.

"I don't know how it happened exactly, or how long it was before I turned toward Eleanor, but when I did I found that we were both on our feet and her hand was in mine. Her eyes were shining, and I think she was sort of upset. I couldn't have been altogether coherent myself, for when I called to Mrs. McMash, 'Look—look; it's the Stars and Stripes!' she only looked at our clasped hands and remarked: 'Well, ain't that comical!'

"Somehow the way seemed very clear after that. There really wasn't anything for me to do but sail the next morning. When we got back to the hotel I told the madrassi to pack. Mrs. McMash had a bad headache and went to her room early, so after dinner—until late at night—Eleanor and I sat alone on the gallery listening to the music at an English club on the other side of the street, next to the Chinese house. Through the windows we could see the people dancing languidly past under the white punkahs that swung and swung in the dead air until it made us dizzy to watch them. I said good-by to Eleanor there, as I had to go on board that night. Her last words were—let me see, how does it go?—you know; it was that thing the Roman matron said to her sons. Oh, yes—'Come back with your shield or without it'—wasn't that it? Well, that's about all," Billy ended. I thought for a moment.

"Why, then, didn't you arrive here a month or two ago and enlist?" I demanded.

"Oh, that," Billy shrugged—"that was merely the sudden thrusting of Fate's finger into the pitiful pie of man. It has no ethical importance whatever. The main thing, of course, was that I should have been true to my——"

"Why didn't you arrive here two months ago and enlist?"

"Well, if you must know—I was delayed. It's taken me the better part of three months to get here; but I leave it to you if I could have done it in less time. Just as the ship was about to sail a sampan put out from the shore with a robed figure in it that stood up most of the time waving a white rag at us and yelling frantically. The captain, thinking it might be an important dispatch from the company's agent, decided to wait, and, as you may imagine, I didn't let on, when the little boat came alongside, that the gesticulating messenger was my madrassi, to whom I had bidden a fond farewell the night before. He was an eccentrically honest creature and just crazy about me, so I supposed, of course, that he was pursuing me with a razor-strop or a hair-brush that he had forgotten to pack. But instead of that he had a note from Eleanor that contained these awful words: 'Mrs. McMash terribly ill. I think it's cholera; doctor thinks it's plague; both think she's dying. What shall I do? Eleanor.'

"As it took some time to get me and all my luggage from the ship to the wretched little sampans swarming around her, the captain was naturally very angry; the tide was coming in, or going out, or doing something disobliging like that. However, he shook his fist at me from the bridge and laughed when I took off my hat to him as I was drifting away, so I suppose it was all right. When I got back to the hotel Mrs. McMash was in a dreadful state and poor Eleanor was distracted; for the hotel people were on the point of bundling Mrs. McMash into the street. You see, they didn't like to have cholera or plague in the hotel."

"Really?" I murmured. "How narrow-minded of them. Which did she have?"

"Oh, she didn't have either; she had nothing but a headache. Just as they were about to eject us all, Eleanor's gibbering old Chinese ayah giggled and simpered and made horrid noises in her gullet, and finally explained that the evening before, when Mrs. McMash had complained of a pain in her head, she had given her some Chinese medicine—a little preparation of her own—which was 'vellee fine, A number one for headache,' and she produced a green jade box half full of a venomous-looking purple paste, that the English doctor said was enough to explain anything."

"Did it cure the headache?" I asked.

"Oh my, yes," Billy answered. "Mrs. McMash was unconscious for two weeks and perfectly dotty for about four days after she came to—but at the end of that time she didn't have a trace of headache.

"All that rather delayed me—for I could scarcely have left Eleanor alone. Toward the end her uncle arrived. I thought he might be surprised to find her engaged; but he wasn't a bit. He merely said in a reminiscent sort of way: 'She's so like her father. Poor, dear Cyril; he was always up to something.' Then he congratulated me on my good fortune, saying that Eleanor was an excellent traveler for a woman, and probably had more accurate knowledge of the diurnal and crepuscular lepidoptera than any one except himself. We liked each other from the first. As soon as Mrs. McMash was able to travel Eleanor decided that she wouldn't let me start off alone again. She herself was going back to be a Red Cross nurse in the war. So we all came home together as fast as we could."

"But it can't have taken you all this time," I objected.

"I said 'as fast as we could,'" Billy replied. "When we got to Penang the captain of the ship we were on, and all the officers and stewards and sailors and stokers—everybody—went on a strike. They had orders to do it from London. The steamship company they worked for had suddenly decided to pay their employees in rupees instead of in shillings, and the rupee, it seems, had depreciated. I don't know what that means, but it's apparently most disagreeable, for thirty thousand men all over the Orient stopped work at once, and a fleet of about two hundred ships lay idle at their docks for weeks. We spent them at Penang—a lovely spot—waiting for something to come along and take us away.

"Then, in Egypt, Eleanor's uncle, while pursuing a rare moth on the edge of the desert, right near the pyramids, fell into a yawning tomb and broke several ribs. We had meant to be in Egypt for forty-eight hours; we stayed there for forty-two days. Then, in Naples——"

"That will do, Billy; that will do."

"Don't you believe me?" Billy asked.

"Oh, yes; I suppose so," I answered.

"Well, then, hurry up and dress," Billy urged, "while I run downstairs and telephone to Eleanor that we're coming and that the war is over."

—"I LOOKED UP—STRAIGHT INTO ELEANOR'S EYES"

The Unknown Captains of Industry

Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It

By PAUL LATZKE

CHARLES SANGER MELLEN is celebrated in the railroad world as having accomplished the impossible. He took the Northern Pacific, a property that had twice ruined Henry Villard and brought disaster to a number of other millionaires, which had been loaded with millions of watered stocks and burdened with all manner of competition and jobbing until it was rotten from end to end—he took this hopeless wreck and inside of a year put it on a paying basis. He was selected for the Presidency, in 1896, by Mr. J. P. Morgan, who had just come into control. Mr. Mellen built new lines, extended the road's territory, improved the passenger service, increased freight equipment, and wherever possible reduced rates and thus won the friendship and confidence of the traveling public. The results were marvelous.

SAMUEL SPENCER

Within five years Mr. Mellen had made such an important property of the great hulk he had come into that the two greatest railroad combinations in America, the Hill-Morgan and the Harriman-Schiff, nearly ruined each other in their efforts to secure control of it. The stock, which had been selling down to twenty dollars a share, was grabbed up at one hundred and fifty dollars and upward, and has hovered around that figure ever since.

Mr. Mellen came by his railroad training in the close, practical school of New England. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on August 16, 1851. At eighteen he entered the employ of the Northern New Hampshire, as clerk in the cashier's office. He filled various clerical positions on this and other roads until 1881, when he was made Auditor of the Boston, Lowell and Concord. Here his advance was rapid and steady. In quick succession he was Auditor, Superintendent and General Superintendent. In 1888 he went with the Union Pacific system as General Purchasing Agent. In 1892 he was made General Traffic Manager. In this year he returned to the East as General Manager of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, and served here until 1896. He was Second Vice-President of the road when Mr. Morgan, who knew his record for work and capacity, induced him to become the President of the Northern Pacific.

Samuel Spencer is another man who pulled a bankrupt property out of the mud, and formed it into one of the greatest railroad systems on earth. To-day the Southern Railway has nearly seven thousand miles of trackage. Its earnings for 1901 were $35,000,000 in round numbers. It not alone paid a dividend on its stock, but earned a surplus of more than a million dollars besides. When Mr. Spencer, at Mr. Morgan's request, took hold, in 1894, as President, the Southern could have been summed up, in the language of Bill Nye, as "two streaks of rust and a right of way." There were many valuable sections in the system, as, for example, the Richmond Terminal; but even these were generally in a state of chaos. The property was made up of a great many disconnected roads, large and small. All these had to be welded together and brought in line under the central organization. It was a Herculean task. Its successful conclusion raised Mr. Spencer at once to a post among the great railroad operators.

JOHN H. CONVERSE

Mr. Spencer was born in Columbus, Georgia, on March 2, 1847. Across the street from his father's house was a jewelry store. Young Samuel would hang around the show window of this establishment for days at a time and he announced that his great ambition was to be a watchmaker. He was sent to the University of Virginia, however, and after graduation as a civil engineer from this institution watchmaking was never mentioned by him. He now wanted to be a railroad man and applied at the general offices of the Savannah and Memphis Railroad in Savannah for a position. He was sent out the next day with a surveyor's outfit as a rodman. His duties here did not require any great skill, but so conscientiously were they performed that he was soon promoted to leveler, and then to transitman. After the particular surveying on which he was engaged was finished he was made a resident engineer and then Chief Engineer of the road. Then, wishing to learn more of railroading, he accepted a clerkship to the Superintendent of the New Jersey Southern, and after holding this for only a few months he went with the Baltimore and Ohio as Assistant Supervisor of Trains. He was shortly promoted to the post of Supervisor of Trains. In 1877 he was made Superintendent of Transportation of the Virginia Midland, and then became General Superintendent of the Long Island Road. In 1879 he went back to the Baltimore and Ohio as Assistant to the President, and in rapid succession gained the positions of Acting General Manager, Third Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Vice-President, and President.

This position he resigned in 1889 to go with J. P. Morgan & Co. as the representative of their railroad interests. When Mr. Morgan undertook the task of amalgamating the network of roads that now make up the Southern System, Mr. Spencer was the man on whom he relied for the administration of the property.

The Man Who Makes the Whole World Sew

To those who can see the romantic side of business, the career of Frederick Gilbert Bourne, who sat with the other Captains at the Prince Henry luncheon, makes delightful reading.

In the late spring of 1865, when the Civil War was closing, and people's minds were turning again to pursuits of peace, a slender, modest boy bade good-by to his fellows in one of the public schools located in lower New York. He was not to come back again in the fall. He had reached his fourteenth year, and, having his own way to make, must go out into active life. His teachers prophesied for him a successful career because of his studious habits, clean-cut conduct, and manliness. To-day that boy is directing a force of workers numbering over one hundred thousand, and scattered all over the civilized world. In the mountain hamlets of Roumania, in the remotest villages of Spain, in the great capitals of Europe, as well as in the prairie towns and metropolitan centres of his own country, the agents of Mr. Bourne are to be found.

Mr. Bourne is President of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Last year his employees manufactured and distributed over a million and a quarter machines. In some of the territory covered by Mr. Bourne's company, Spain and France, for example, machines are sold on installments, running as low as twenty cents a week. All this business is controlled from the central office in New York, and so smoothly and easily that as one sits with Mr. Bourne it is impossible to conceive the world-encircling organization which he directs.

Just at present the Singer Company is building a factory in Northern Russia covering seventy acres, a factory in Spain and a factory in Germany. It is already operating a factory near Glasgow, in Scotland, covering forty-six acres, and a factory in Austria that employs thousands of workmen. In this country it has enormous plants, where the bulk of the machines are turned out. Everything required for their equipment is manufactured by the company, and the most minute processes connected with the business are managed by it directly. Every machine is sold and delivered by its own agents. Its annual output of needles alone is over ten millions.

When Mr. Bourne stepped into the Presidency of the Singer Company the business had been established thirty-two years. It had reached large proportions, but was confined in its operations, and had practically no foreign market. He went to the company as Secretary to the President, Edward Clark. Clark had been the attorney for Isaac M. Singer, the founder of the company, in a long series of lawsuits. Singer was unable to pay the attorney's fees, and Mr. Clark accepted a share in the business in consideration of his bills. When Mr. Clark died, in 1882, Mr. Bourne was only thirty-one years old, but he had given such a good account of himself that he was made manager of the Clark Estate, appraised at many millions of dollars. This position naturally gave him an important part in the management of the Singer Company, and in 1885 the directors elected him as Secretary. A few years later he was made President, and since that time he has been in practically absolute control of the affairs of the corporation. From the moment that he became chief executive he began the career of expansion which has carried the Singer machines into every corner of the globe.

The achievements of John H. Converse, who sat with the Captains as the representative of the American locomotive industry, parallel very closely those of Mr. Bourne. As the one has carried the American sewing machine into all the corners of the earth, so the other has carried the American locomotive.

When Mr. Converse went into the locomotive industry as an employee of the Baldwin Works, in Philadelphia, America was still importing locomotives from abroad. The works in Philadelphia, which had been founded by Matthias W. Baldwin, had an annual output of less than one hundred and fifty per annum. Last year the Baldwin Company turned out thirteen hundred and seventy-four locomotives, valued at over thirty millions of dollars. Of these a large number were sent to Europe, Asia and Australia, and South America. In Russia nearly all of the locomotives are of the Baldwin pattern, the company having established large works there.

Mr. Converse started in life as a newspaper man in his native city, Burlington, Vermont, where he was born on December 2, 1840. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1861, and until 1864, when he removed to Chicago, he was employed on the Burlington Daily and Weekly Times. He went West on Horace Greeley's advice to grow up with the country, and drifted into railroad work. In the office of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, where he was employed, he met Dr. Edward H. Williams, one of the division superintendents of the road. This meeting proved the turning point in Mr. Converse's career. Doctor Williams was made General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1866, and brought young Converse along. Four years later the Doctor bought an interest in the Baldwin Locomotive Works and made a place for his assistant. Within three years Mr. Converse became a member of the firm. He took entire charge of the business management and effected the organization which has steadily pushed the product of the works into every market.

D. H. BURNHAM

It is conceded that to him belongs the credit for making a place in foreign countries for the American locomotive. As a result of his endeavors the English builders, who had practically enjoyed a monopoly abroad, have been relegated to second place.

The Father of the Sky-Scraper

Daniel Hudson Burnham came to the Captains' meeting as the father of the sky-scraper.

What differentiates the sky-scraper of to-day from the tall buildings preceding it is the skeleton structure or steel frame. Until it came into use the walls of these buildings had to be carried upward from the foundation. This necessitated walls of enormous thickness, involving the expenditure of immense sums for stone, and very slow processes of construction, besides other drawbacks, not the least of which was the great amount of space used by the thick walls. When a square foot of ground costs five hundred dollars, as is the case on Broadway, in New York, and when space brings a rental value in proportion, a few thousand square feet, more or less, used by dead walls becomes a very serious item. The skeleton structure reduces the dead wall area in a sky-scraper about seven-eighths. It reduces the cost of construction about two-thirds. As buildings of this character are being erected throughout the country at the rate of several hundred a year, it is easily conceivable what the services of Mr. Burnham, and those who with him have pushed this style of building, have accomplished for their fellows.

Mr. Burnham is a New Yorker by birth, but removed from his native town, Henderson, to Chicago in 1856, when he was ten years old. Since then he has lived in the Northwestern metropolis. He was the Chief Architect and Director of Works of the World's Columbian Exposition, and to him was mainly due the great beauty of its buildings.

Mr. Burnham was noted for his progressive ideas from the moment he began the practice of his profession in Chicago.

In 1889, Rand, McNally & Co., the publishers, gave him a commission to erect for them a building in one of the most congested business sections of the city. Land values had risen so enormously that it became impossible to erect a building that would yield returns on the investment unless every inch of available room were utilized. A short time before, the Home Insurance Building had been erected by W. L. B. Jenney, as architect, on plans approximating the modern skeleton construction to the extent that some of the walls were carried on iron beams. Other firms of Chicago architects had carried the idea a little further still in the Tacoma Building. Upon the experience gained in these two structures, Mr. Burnham planned the Rand-McNally Building. He used the steel structure throughout, carrying the walls for each story separately on beams, thus doing away entirely with the necessity for heavy masonry at the base.

The experiment was watched with the keenest interest by every architect in America. In the East, it was freely prophesied by experts that the building would come tumbling down some fine day; that it was a crazy idea and nothing good would come of it. When the building was finished and the tenants had moved in there was apprehension lest the jarring of the machinery should shake the whole building to pieces. It was years before the Eastern architects finally conceded that the steel structure was safe.

Eliphalet W. Bliss, the largest manufacturer of metal-working machinery in the world, and head of the United States Projectile Company, which makes the Whitehead torpedoes for the Navy, had an experience when starting on his business career that would probably have made a socialist of some men less balanced. He was practically dismissed from his position because he was too industrious and successful.

He had been apprenticed in his home town in Northern New York to a machinist, with whom he served nearly six years. Then he went out into the world, and after various employments went to the Campbell Printing Press Company, of Brooklyn. He was put to work on a percentage basis. One day he was called into the Superintendent's office.

"We find," said the Superintendent, "that you are making more money than any two men in the place, and that if you keep on you will be making as much as the firm itself. So we have concluded that you will have to scale down your percentage."

JOHN FRITZ

"But," protested Mr. Bliss, "I am not getting a higher rate than anybody else. If I make more it's because I work faster."

"That may be true, but the fact remains, and you will have to make a new agreement."

Mr. Bliss preferred to leave. With the little money he had been able to save he concluded to go into business for himself. He opened a small shop, where he began making printing presses, dies, and special machinery for working sheet metal, being the pioneer in this industry in America. He worked even harder than he had for the Campbell people, scarcely giving himself any rest at all. But it was the old story—the difficulty of success without capital. His savings were swallowed up, his credit was exhausted, and again and again it looked as though he would have to give up. It was about all he could do from week to week to meet his pay-roll, though the number of his employees was small enough. But after years of effort he finally saw daylight ahead.

To-day he has over thirteen hundred employees in his great works in Brooklyn, which cover about six acres. The plant which makes the Whitehead torpedoes also manufactures shells for the Army and Navy, Mr. Bliss being one of the largest contractors for these projectiles in the country. He is a multi-millionaire, and besides his large business interests is a patron of the arts and sciences.

Every schoolboy in the United States has heard of the Bethlehem Iron Works, pioneers in the American armor-plate industry and in other important branches of the steel trade. Comparatively few, however, have heard of John Fritz, the man who is practically responsible for the upbuilding of these great works. He was enrolled among the Hundred Captains because he is one of the chief figures in the development of the American iron industry.

Mr. Fritz began life as a blacksmith's apprentice. His father was a farmer in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Fritz spent the early years of his life. His first knowledge of iron manufacturing came before he was twenty. He was sent by his employer to do some blacksmith repair work at a crude charcoal blast furnace near his home. Before he had finished his work he made up his mind to quit the blacksmith's trade and go into iron-making.

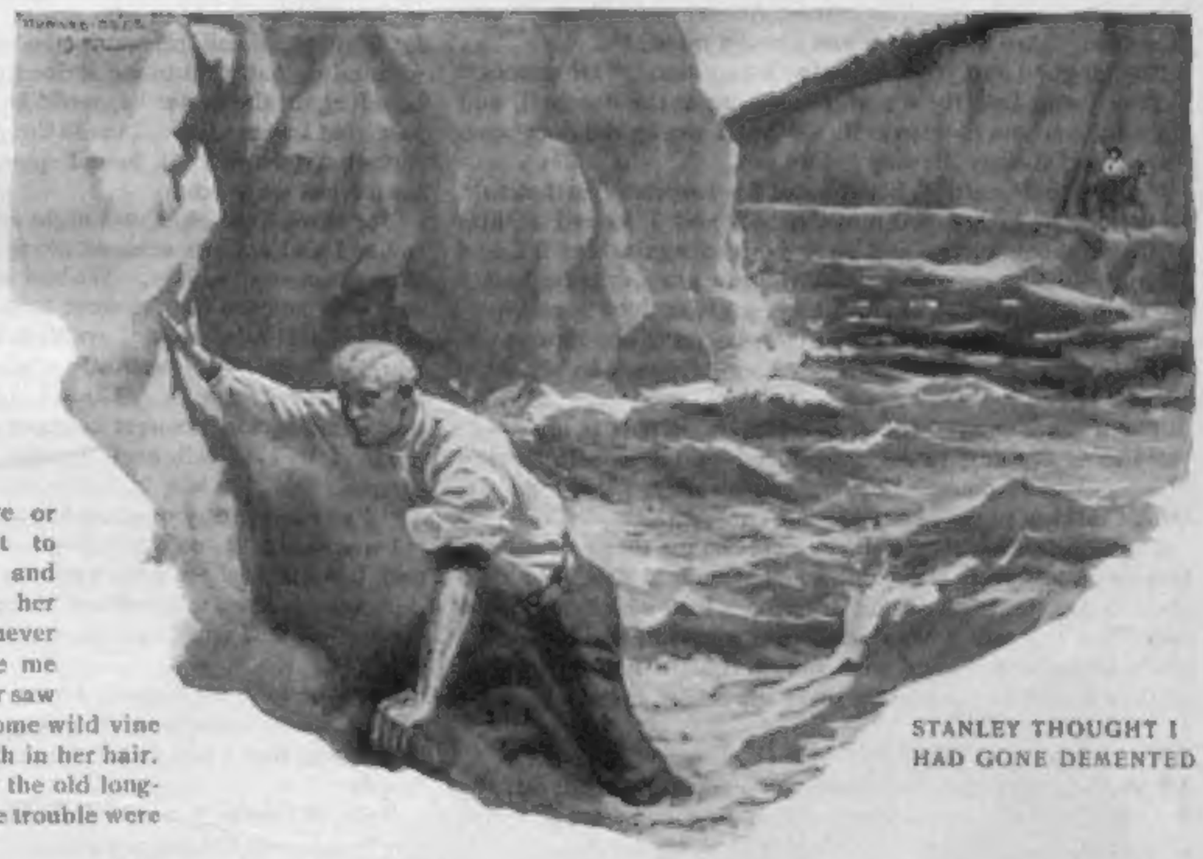
He got a regular job at the furnace and remained there until 1845, when he went to Norristown, Pennsylvania, to assist in building a mill for making bar iron. Young Fritz took eagerly to his new work. His spare hours he spent in learning about the making of iron. He pushed ahead so fast that he was put in charge of the night shift as foreman and a little later was given entire charge. He was given charge of the rebuilding of the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown. Here he made the first of a series of radical departures in the construction of iron-working machinery, inventing the first "three-high rail-mill" ever erected in the country. By means of this about one-third of the labor involved in the rolling of rails was saved. He went to the Bethlehem Works in 1860 and remained there continuously until 1893, when he retired from business. The great works, as they stand to-day, were practically created by him.

Editor's Note—Through an oversight, the name of the President of Bradstreet's was given in a recent article in this series as Mr. William F. Clark; it should have been Mr. Charles F. Clark. This paper concludes the series.

THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
Joint Author of Calumet "K"



STANLEY THOUGHT I HAD GONE DEMENTED

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Roger Drake, the Copper King, tells how he struggled with poverty in the Western gold country, gave up prospecting and opened a barber shop to make money enough to take him East for a thorough technical education. He carried with him warm letters of introduction to the parents of his friend, George Stanley, was warmly received, and in his frequent visits to their house was deeply troubled by the beauty of Stanley's young cousin, Adele Broughton. His friend and employer, Fletcher, who is a scientist and inventor, advised a change of scene and a little practical experience in copper mining.

CHAPTER III—Continued

I DID my best in those next six months to follow Fletcher's advice—that is, the part of it he had left unsaid. Sometimes I thought I had succeeded, that I could go back and shake hands with Adele Broughton as coolly as with Miss Stanley. But at other times I would see her facing me, in the big easy chair, and asking me, in that quiet, level voice of hers—a voice that might have in it all that I sometimes imagined it had—to be her friend. And then I would be glad I was working a hand-drill twelve hundred feet underground.

I did better at following the other part of Fletcher's advice—that which told me to go in and get a good practical knowledge of copper. I worked underground for three months and learned more about the practical timbering of a mine than I could have found out in twice the time at school. There was an accident in which five or six men were killed while I was there, so I learned a little about how not to do it. At the end of the three months I came up and worked around for a few weeks in the calcining works, and picked up a good deal of practical information about the first steps in the production of pure metallic copper.

Then I got a job with a surveying party for a railroad which was coming up that way, and you can imagine what a relief it was, after having worked for a quarter of a year down in the dark, and then up in the horrible sulphur stench that surrounds a smelting plant, to be out in the sweet spring air, tramping through the woods by day and sleeping, as I was veteran enough to do, on the lee side of a camp-fire at night.

In one way the experience was good for me; it was another step toward the complete equipment I needed. But in another way I lost a good deal of the ground I had gained by working in the mine. There wasn't much in those dark, stuffy, underground chambers, or in the rattling of ore and the roar of furnaces, to make me think about Adele Broughton. But out in the open air she came back into my thoughts again. At first, thinking there was no more danger, I let my mind dwell on her, just for the luxury of it, and I pictured her as I had seen her, here or there. And then I got to bringing her out to me, and I used to fancy I saw her coming toward me whenever a vista opened up before me through the trees. I never saw a spray of blossoms on some wild vine but I imagined it a wreath in her hair. And so, before I knew it, the old longing and the doubt and the trouble were back upon me again.

I kept up the battle with myself for a while, but at last I decided that there was no use in trying any longer to conquer in that way. I would go back to her—I would make her tell me the truth. I had found out already, I said to myself, that I loved her. So I went to the head of our party and told him that when we came to the next large town I meant to leave him.

During those next few days I became most impatient to get on. The last shred of doubt of my feeling toward her disappeared, and I was counting up the hours till I could see her and wondering if I had not already lost her by the delay. So I left the party and started for the East.

My journey came to an end at last at nine o'clock in the evening, and I caught a cabman and, giving him the Stanleys' address, told him to drive fast. I suppose he thought some one must be at the point of death for he went all the way at a gallop.

The same big darky who had been the butler for a good many years let me in, and mistook me at first glance for George Stanley. I thought nothing of it at the moment, but asked him if Miss Broughton was at home. He began a long explanation: that an entertainment was going on, charades or tableaus I guessed from his description, and that the whole family were there. Miss Adele, he added, was taking part, dressed up like a queen, and covered all over with spangles. Then he said that Mr. George was expected home the next day, and that was why he had mistaken me for him.

But not even George Stanley could turn the current of my thoughts away from Adele. I asked the man more particularly about the entertainment, and he could inform me, for he had been helping to prepare for it in a hall not far away.

He said, in answer to another question, that there was a way of getting to the stage without going through the audience.

I had in mind going up into the wings and seeing her there, but I thought of something better. I wrote across one of my visiting-cards just the question: "Shall you be getting home a little ahead of the others?" and gave it to the man to deliver to her for me. He came back in half an hour with the same card. She had written "Yes" upon it. I told the man that I would wait for the family. For another half-hour I counted the seconds as they were ticked off by the hall clock, and then, at last, I heard the wheels of her carriage.

She did not see that it was I who had opened the door until she had passed by me and I had closed it after her. She drew in her breath in a little gasp of surprise at sight of me, and then stood silently, letting me look at her.

"What do you think of the Faerie Queene?" she asked after a moment. I could not answer, but only repeated her name, "Adele—Adele—Adele."

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

"I am glad you've come back," she said. "We missed you very much. You must tell me all you did while you were away; everything."

"That is not what I have come back to tell you, Adele," I said slowly.

"Come in here to tell me."

As she led the way into the drawing-room her eyes fell on a strange old chair which had stood for years in the hall. It was high, straight-backed, curiously carved. "The Queen must have her throne," she said. I carried it into the drawing-room and set it in the bay where the floor was a low step higher than in the room itself. When she was seated, very erect and with the wand upright in her hand, "Now we will hear what you have come to tell," she said.

I stood before her with bent head, for, looking at her, I could do nothing but look, and I told her the story. I began with the time when she had appeared to me as a vision, framed in the doorway. I told her what a creature from another world she was, and how the thought that I could ever be of personal concern to her was one I had never dared to think until that day she had asked me to be her friend. I told her how, still, I had not dared to believe her, how I had struggled, and had gone away to forget her only to find that I could not forget. "And now," said I, "I have come back to ask you to tell me the truth. If you do not care for me I will go away, and live my life as I have meant to live it, and perhaps some day I shall be as I was before I ever saw you. But if you do care — Do you care, Adele? Do you care?"

She did not answer at once. "I don't quite know," she said at last. Then she smiled. "But I almost know. I will tell you pretty soon. I will tell you within a week."

This time I could look at her while I spoke. "Adele," said I, "I shall take my answer to-night. Whether you answer me in words or not, I will be answered. You know what sent me away from you and you know what has brought me back. You know the true answer to my question, and you must answer it."

This time it was her eyes that fell. But they rose again to my face immediately. "Kneel down," she said.

I dropped on my knees before her, and then I felt her wand strike my shoulder, but I waited for her to speak. I heard her draw a long, trembling breath, and then, with a little laugh, "Why don't you kiss me?" she said.

I kissed her, kissed her a score of times, but I wanted her to tell me in words. "Is it true, Adele?" I asked. "Are they true? Are they mine, and always mine?"

She laughed and pushed me back from her. "Of course."

There was just then a vigorous ring at the doorbell, and she motioned me to answer it. When I swung the door open there stood George Stanley before me.

"Come in," said I, heedless of his surprise that I should be there. As he stepped into the hall and I looked at him while we shook hands, and as I noticed again how tall and clean-limbed he was, and what likable gray eyes he had, I felt what you may call, if you like, a premonition; something, at least, besides the feeling that it was good to see him again.

"Come in," said I again. "There's some one else here for you to see."

Then, as we entered the drawing-room, "This is my ——"

"I'm not going to be introduced to my cousin George Stanley," said Adele. "I know you already. I've kept Mr. Drake talking to me about you for two years."

I can remember very well the expressions that crossed his face as he looked at her. Pure amazement at first, and then another look which I cannot describe, a look which tormented me. But in turn it was gone in a moment, and he smiled gayly and shook hands with her, and with me again; and while we were still standing there the others came home.

CHAPTER IV

IT WAS a little while before the amazing nature of the coincidence occurred to us, for at first our bare surprise at seeing each other kept Stanley and myself from ruminating on the relations of things, but we did justice to it later in the evening.

Exclamations gave place at last to questions and questions to answers, and it was long past midnight before we realized it. When, at last, I picked up my bag and was about to start over to Fletcher's, they all protested that it was too late to think of going out again that night; so, gladly enough, I stayed. I hoped in some way to secure another moment with Adele, for I had not had a chance to speak to her since George's ring at the doorbell. She seemed as anxious for that moment as I was, but it didn't come, so when the party broke up we nodded a good-night to each other just as though nothing had happened.

My room was next to Stanley's, and before I was half undressed he came shuffling in and sat down on my bed.

"Luxurious chaps, these city fellows are," he said, patting the coverlet. "You're really one of them, for you haven't been roughing it long enough to forget how a bed feels. But I haven't slept in anything like this for three years and more. I haven't had any fun since the deuce knows when, and I'm going to have a little now. Then I'll go out with you and find as many copper mines or gold mines, by your patent scientific system, as you like."

Then he went on more seriously: "You never told me enough about your copper scheme in your letters. As for me, I'd rather go on hunting for the stuff that needs nothing but the stamp of these United States to make it into the real, cold, jingling money. If you have that you aren't bothered about supply and demand and market values, and I don't know what other economic theories. You've no concern except to get it, and when you've got enough you can quit and have your fun. But then, if your scheme's better I'm with you. Tell me about it."

He threw himself back on the bed with a yawn as he finished speaking, so I said that two o'clock in the morning was no time to begin talking copper.

"Then tell me something else," he said with a laugh. "Isn't my little cousin Adele the prettiest thing you ever saw?"

"She's the most beautiful woman in the world, I think."

"You do?" he said, looking at me curiously. "Well, it seems to me you've been pretty hard-headed to spend your time with Fletcher's crazy hobbies instead of falling in love with her."

"I have fallen in love with her," said I, "and I've told her about it, and we're engaged."

"The devil you are!" There seemed to be anger as well as surprise in his words. It blazed up like a parlor match, with a splutter, but it was gone directly. "I know that's not a pretty way to congratulate a fellow. I beg your pardon; all I meant was, why didn't you tell me?"

"I haven't told anybody. I shouldn't have told you, for she hasn't told me I might tell, yet. It only happened to-night: to-night just before you came in," I went on, for he looked at me incredulously.

"To-night, eh," he said musingly. He tied the cord around his waist into a complicated series of knots, and untied it again. "Then I'm not to mention it?" he said at last, rising.

"No, if you please," said I.

He nodded his head and shuffled back into his own bedroom.

Next day I went over to see Fletcher. He was still experimenting with a dynamo armature, and he said he was apparently no nearer getting it right than he'd been six months before; but when I suggested that he'd better turn to something else that would show results he only smiled and bent over his lathe again.

I saw very little of him in those days, though he insisted on my coming to live with him again. I had very little leisure, for Stanley, whose interest in the venture was to be identical with mine, had said to me seriously that the sooner we could be off again the better he would be pleased: and as that was just what I wanted, too, I made things move as fast as possible. But what leisure I did have I spent at the Stanleys', waiting for a word with Adele.

For three days after that night when I had declared myself to her I had not one moment alone with her. My first opportunity came on Sunday. We had all gone to church together, and after service George went for a drive with his father and mother, and Adele and I walked home. I remember that I couldn't take my opportunity when I had it, and we walked a little way in silence. Then I told her how eagerly I had been waiting for this next moment of ours together, and how much I had to tell her — though it wouldn't come to my tongue.

"I've been pretty anxious to speak to you, too," she said. "I was so afraid you'd tell about — you know what I mean — and I couldn't find any chance to tell you not to. I hardly dared come down to breakfast the next morning. It was such a relief when I saw from the way they acted that they didn't know."

"I have told one person, Adele. I didn't mean to tell any one till I had asked you if I might, but his question came in such a way that I had to tell him or lie to him. It was George Stanley."

"Oh, of course it was," she said impatiently. "Of course you had to tell the one person ——" She checked that sentence in the middle and began again. "That's just like a man. If a girl lets a man kiss her, any man on earth, she can be perfectly sure that he'll go and tell."

"I didn't tell George Stanley that I had kissed you. I told him that you and I were engaged to be married. That is true, isn't it, Adele? Isn't that what you meant when you told me to kiss you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. But I wanted it for a secret, just between us, and you've spoiled it all."

I hadn't much to say after that, and we walked along home in silence. After we had reached the house, however, she told me she would forgive me, and that it didn't matter after all. She came and sat beside me on the big drawing-room sofa — we had the house quite to ourselves for that hour — as lover-like as could be, and I told myself that, at last, I was perfectly happy. When we heard the Stanleys coming back from their drive she whispered: "You won't say anything about it to any one, will you? Not even to him?"

I began to promise her I would not, but she interrupted me with a kiss and fled away upstairs.

I smile a little now over the confident way in which we two youngsters set out to find a copper mine; not an ordinary strike, mind you, but a big one.

We were really pretty well equipped, though. State geological surveys weren't in those days what they are now, but through them and in one way and another I knew where the actual copper was, and I figured that I ought to make a pretty good guess at where some of the possible copper was, and I knew copper when I saw it. We had money and time enough to do the thing thoroughly, and that was how we meant to do it.

The evening before we started I had a long talk with Adele — all about how sure to succeed we were, and what a short time we'd be about it. I said good-by to her then and kissed her, and she gave me a big copper cent for luck. Nobody but Stanley knew yet of our engagement, so I was to part with her in public as though we were nothing but good friends. When the time came next day, and the womenfolk came close to the door to see us off, Stanley kissed his mother and then his sister — Mrs. Archibald she was then — and then he turned to Adele. She blushed and made some little resistance, but he laughed and, saying something about cousins, kissed her full on the lips. I didn't like any too much his having a privilege denied to me, but I put the best face I could on it and laughed with the others.

For the first few days, I remember, Stanley was in the worst mood imaginable. He wouldn't hear of our having any chance of success, he wouldn't allow me to hint at any possibility of failure; he was almost intolerable. But one morning he waked up, rubbed his eyes and said he'd got the devil out of his system. It seemed to be so.

The next seven months don't carry on my story at all, and they must be passed over with no more than a word. We went up Northwest and spent the fall there. Then we went down into Arizona. But in March we turned to the North again. It was about the first of April when we struck Red City.

As nearly everything from now on which goes into this story took place there or thereabouts, I must try to give you some idea of what Red City was like. It is on Bent River, at, or rather just below, Jackson Falls. The river there has a drop altogether of nearly a hundred feet. Fifty miles below the city, at Brownsville, it drops again, so that, except above the city, it is not navigable, but it is useful to Red City in providing it with a valuable water-power. The city's connection with the world depends upon what was then a Granger railroad called the Red City and Texas, of which more will be said hereafter.

The town itself had been an outpost village, left stranded by the great tide of immigration which swept West before the Civil War. It was pleasantly situated, for just above it the high limestone cliffs, which, farther north, hold Bent River in a narrow gorge between them, open out and inclose a valley perhaps three miles wide, protecting it at the same time from the north wind. The town owed its activity at the time Stanley and I first went there to some sensational strikes of copper which had been made about and within it in the course of the past two years. From being a poor village it became, within a year, a tremendously energetic little city of about ten thousand inhabitants, most of them a pretty hard lot. Getting rich very fast some of them were, and everybody else was anxious to. They were looking for ore, and finding it under the very streets. The town is the only one I know of, except Leadville, Colorado, where, instead of levying a municipal tax, they could for a few years declare a dividend.

We took all the time we wanted, for Stanley had learned that lesson, too, by then, and we looked over the whole ground very thoroughly. Every inch of the valley was taken up and was being worked in some sort of fashion, which was what we had expected, and of course there was the greatest variety in the results the men were getting. Most of the copper lay in a great lode which struck diagonally across the valley. At last we bought a ninety-day option on a mineral lease on some property that looked to us pretty good. The fellow who owned it knew nothing about the way to work it, and of course couldn't make it pay, and so he was glad enough to sell at a very reasonable figure.

We were pretty glad to buy, too, and we sent an order East for what outfit of machinery we needed, and told ourselves that our long search was ended. There was nothing we could do until our machinery arrived, and as our confidence in our prospective purchase grew our impatience grew with it. We loafed about the mine, we played pool by the hour at the hotel, and at last we took to lounging at the railroad station about train-time, making the excuse for ourselves that we might see our carload of machinery come rolling in at any time — though neither of us expected it for a month more.

I went alone one morning to the railroad station, as Stanley was amusing himself in a shooting gallery downtown, and found out, as I knew I should, that our car had not yet come in; then I sat down on a baggage truck and hoped against hope that something would turn up.

But in a few minutes I was diverted by the appearance of two strangers, a man and a woman, on the platform. At first I could see nothing of the woman except the corner of her skirt, for the man stood directly between us. He was well worth looking at. He was a good six inches more than six feet tall, and was built on the proportions of a Samson. His hair was so light in color that, with the sun on it, it looked almost white, and when I caught a partial glimpse of his face I saw that it was covered with a long untrimmed beard. Altogether he looked like the pictures of the old-time Vikings.

—I SAW MY OLD VIKING STRIDING DOWN THE STREET

His voice was as big as he was and came rolling along the platform to me. He was talking in English, but with a foreign accent which kept me from understanding much of what he said

Presently their positions altered a little so that I could see the girl also. I guessed her age to be about twenty. For a moment she turned away from her father, and I saw that though she was smiling there were tears in her eyes. It was evident enough from all the circumstances that she was going away alone, and that each of them was trying to make the parting as easy as possible for the other. I might have gone on watching them until their train pulled in if I hadn't been directed by the girl's eyes to a man who was coming up the platform toward them. He was a fellow named Hogan, whom I may call the town buffoon. He had an aversion to work, and was supposed to be exceedingly funny when he was drunk, so the public-spirited citizens of the place kept him drunk most of the time for the general amusement. Of course she knew nothing more about him than that he was tipsy, and that he evidently meant to try some of his drunken wit on her father. He was already pointing at him and mumbling to himself, and the station loafers were drawing up close to see the fun.

Besides the disgust in the girl's face, there was a look of fear which I couldn't understand, seeing that her father was big enough to kick poor Hogan clear over a pile of mixed freight which lay close by, and that he seemed to me a person who would do it with very little hesitation. But then it struck me that this scene, which I was chuckling over in advance, was exactly what she was afraid of, so I got up and took a hand in the game myself

I noticed that whisky was largely responsible for his condition, so I took him away, bought him an immense quantity of beer, and thereby terminated his usefulness, from Red City's point of view, for that day. Then I went back to the hotel and waited for Stanley

But before he came I saw my old Viking striding down the street. He turned into the hotel, and then, to my surprise, for I did not know that he had ever seen me before, he came up to me and thanked me. "My daughter told me," he said, "that you saved both of us from much annoyance. I thank you. My name is Christian Jansen." I told him my name in return, and after a word or two I drew up another chair for him, and we sat down together near the window to wait for the dinner-bell.

While we were talking Stanley came back, and at his suggestion we dined together. The old gentleman did not say very much, but when we had finished we felt pretty well acquainted with him. As he rose from the table he said that for the first time he should leave Red City with some regret Then as an afterthought he asked us if we would not go home with him. "It is a long time since my house has received a visitor, but that will make your welcome the warmer

We didn't know where he lived, but we didn't much care so long as it was beyond sight and smell of Red City, and, speaking at the same time, we said we would go with him He said it was high time to be off; so as soon as possible afterward we set out up the valley of Bent River. I was surprised at the direction he took, for I didn't know that any one lived up that way, but after we left the outskirts of the city we found a track up the gorge, which improved with the miles into a very good path. In some places where the gorge was narrowest there were extensive cuttings in the rock to give wayfarers a high and dry passage in bad weather. We had to ford the stream twice

There wasn't much light down in the gorge after the middle of the afternoon, and to us who weren't used to it it was rather a ticklish piece of riding. At the upper ford we nearly had an accident. The water was shoulder high on the horses and pretty swift, and Stanley missed the crossing and was all but carried down stream. There was a wild scramble for a part of a minute, but the plucky little horse knew his business, and got his footing again. When we were all safe on the other bank Jansen said that the river had risen a foot since we left the lower crossing and that we were probably in for a big freshet. At last our host checked his horse to let us come up with him, and pointing to a place a few yards ahead, where the path bent sharply around a promontory and lost itself to our view, he said

"Just around that corner, gentlemen, is my house. Will you take precedence of me?" And forcing his horse to the very edge of the path he compelled us to squeeze between him and the cliff and ride on ahead. It was not a cheap piece of gallantry, for it seemed that one of us must push him into the river, but by some miracle we avoided it and rode down the path and around the corner

We rode out of the night, for by then it was night in the gorge, into the full blaze of the sunset; out of the wilderness into the loveliest, happiest spot I have ever seen. For there the northwest cliff, with the river at its feet, swept around in a broad curve, whilst the other cliff, instead of following parallel with it, curved away in the opposite direction, inclosing a little oval valley about two miles long and a mile wide It was carpeted with a patchwork of the clear emerald green of young wheat and the rich golden brown of freshly ploughed land, and the right-hand cliff, which had been white at noon, was pink as coral in the sunset. The great barns and stables scattered over it told of its prosperity, and a one story rambling limestone house, with a wide chimney, and an equally wide arched door, seemed ready to make us welcome

Our host rode up beside us, for here the path widened into a roadway, and he swept the prospect with his arm

"The valleys laugh and sing; is it not so?" he said

Then, noticing that we were cold—the north wind blowing down the gorge had cut into us like a knife, and since getting thoroughly wet at the upper crossing we had felt as though we were frozen to our saddles—he hurried us into the house

An hour later we had finished supper, and were sitting around a roaring fire of logs discussing a hot punch. We had met our host's only son immediately upon our arrival, and now he made one of the party. He was then about eighteen, and gave promise of being one day as big as his father. He was a clear-eyed, level headed young fellow much interested to know from us what the world was like, for he had never been much away from this valley where he was born. What with our answers to his questions and his father's philosophical comments on them, and with the flood steadily rising outside and providing a topic of very present interest, the talk ran on for hours, and it was long past midnight when we turned in

We meant to go back to Red City next day, but the elements took that out of our hands. We found in the morning that the flood had made a new high water mark the night before, having risen above Jansen's embankment and flooded one of his wheat fields, which he told us had never occurred before. The damage was not great, however, and all day Sunday the water subsided rapidly

By Monday morning the river was back at but little above its normal level, and Stanley and I, to make up for our delay, got off as early as possible. It was indeed just about sunrise when we turned out of the valley and down the gorge. It is a strange thing, but on that morning—that morning of all mornings—as we rode along we were neither thinking nor talking about copper. We had thought and talked of nothing else for the past half year, but our little visit with Christian Jansen had started our ideas off on a new trail for the time being. At no other moment in all those months could the discovery of an immense strike of copper have come without fair warning, and except after days, or hours at least, of anticipation. But it was at that moment that it came

I remember Stanley was saying that he wished we had found out more about Christian Jansen's personal history, when he checked himself suddenly and looked down the gorge.

"Hello," he said; "the freshet has made wild work of it down here. Look on ahead, Drake—no, on the other side You're a geologist, but I'll bet you never saw any purple like that before

I crowded my horse up so that I could see, for he was riding ahead. Just ahead the river made a sharp quirk to the left—toward us, that is, for we were riding down the left bank—and that twist had let the whole force of the flood and all that it bore along with it go driving, crashing, squarely into the face of the opposite cliff. Trees, gravel, rock, everything not immovable had gone down under it and along with it, and there upon the naked face of the rock shone in the morning sunlight a great patch of flaming purple. There was brown mixed up in it, and yellow, and blue, but it was all lost, all devoured, in that wonderful purple

I stared at it for one breathless minute, and then I drove the spurs into my horse. I pushed by Stanley and ran my horse down the bank. I believe I should have done that if the fall had been sheer instead of one in three, for I was, for the moment, as crazy as a man could be. My horse was as nimble as a goat or we should have rolled to the bottom instead of going down right side up, and he was as plucky as a bulldog or he would have refused the water when I turned him into it.

As it was we went in together, but the next minute he was beyond his depth and I had to kick off the stirrups and swim for it; I wasn't much of a swimmer, either. But the current was strong enough to buoy me up, and by a miracle I missed the rocks and snags, and at last I made a landing and scrambled up over the débris. Yes, there was no mistake about it. We had made our strike.

Stanley, who had seen many copper ores, but had never encountered bornite, thought for a minute or two that I had gone demented. He got down to the bank just about as I was climbing up the other side, and called out to know what was the matter with me. Then, as he saw me looking closely at the ore, he shouted to know if it was worth anything

"Worth anything! Worth anything!" I called back "Come over here, you idiot! It's the biggest strike yet!"

Of what we did for the next two hours I haven't any very clear recollection, for we were simply delirious with joy After exploring our discovery as well as we could, scraping away the débris with our hands here and there, and lifting some small trees which covered parts of it, we sat down, limp and as nearly hysterical as strong men can be, and looked at each other.

"We're pretty slow," said I at last, getting to my feet "Here we sit and grin as though the fortune was all in the bank, and we don't know whose this is yet. It may belong to Jansen."

I didn't think it did, but I made pretty good time catching my horse and riding back to ask him about it. Stanley stayed behind to guard the place.

I found Jansen without delay, but I had a good deal of difficulty in learning from him what I wanted to know. He was as excited as I was, though from a different reason, and as I poured out questions and explanations all at once it was no wonder that he did not understand me. At first he thought the discovery was on his land, but when I repeated, "Across the river," he said

"I have no land across the river. It is all public land" It was ours, after all

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ONLY REPEATED HER NAME, "ADELE—ADELE—ADELE"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶Now that the colleges have given out their degrees the mercury will see what it can do

¶It is well that love is blind. Otherwise it might become cross-eyed and make more mistakes.

¶In these days no multi-millionaire is genuine unless he can show he has been hauled to a police station and fined for driving his automobile faster than the law allows.

¶One fine improvement in the average American town is its disposition to abandon gingerbread architecture and put up houses that do not look as though they had been planned in the nursery by enthusiastic children who had borrowed their mothers' embroidery patterns.

Postage Stamp Sheepskins

THERE is something thoroughly American in the remarkable growth of the great "correspondence" schools which have suddenly compelled the public to recognize them as among the most important educational forces in the country. Their success is another demonstration of the irrepressible aspiration of the average American youth who, when he cannot eat the entire educational loaf at college or university, cheerfully falls to and makes the most of the half loaf of "home study" and "correspondence" courses. Failing to go to college he brings the college to his own hearthstone and "gets an education" in leisure hours where it is not to be had on more convenient terms.

To suggest the magnitude of this movement, let it be said that one of these correspondence schools alone has an enrollment of 415,000 pupils and expends $100,000 a year for postage. Its curriculum includes nearly all the arts and sciences taught in the ordinary professional and technical institutions

The phonograph is the latest recruit to the faculty of the correspondence school, and through its aid the teaching, by mail, of languages and music has become so far practical that its value is everywhere recognized.

At the beginning of this general movement many, perhaps most, educators doubted its genuine value. But there is something convincing in mere magnitude of numbers, and when one school of this kind corrects more than 16,000 instruction papers a fortnight it is difficult to deny the conclusion that education by mail has a practical value.

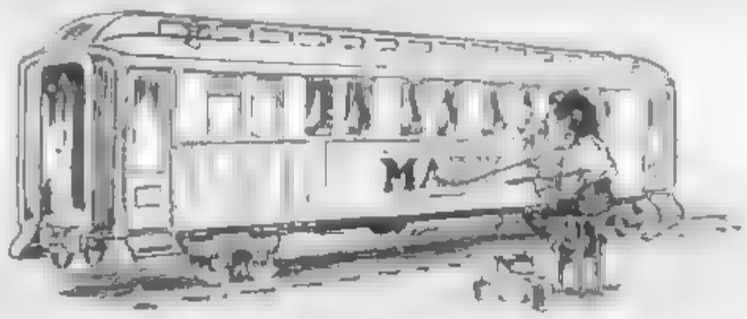
Above all, it puts a singing emphasis on the fact that Young America is determined to "get an education," and if he cannot win his "sheepskin" under cap and gown and all the glamour of college life and associations he will take it under a postage stamp.

A Rose by Any Other Name

THE same mysterious but ingenious individual who names the sleeping-cars seems to attend to arranging the nomenclature of the summer hotels. Of course, he never rises to the heights of the man who christens the race-horses, but he does pretty well. There is this difference to be detected, however, in his two spheres of activity, that whereas in the case of the cars he seems to put the alphabet in a pepper-box and bestow one dash to each car, in the matter of the hotels the names are always Cooper Indian, which hints at a certain low form of cerebral action in their selection. There are few historical legendary Indians who haven't a summer hotel named for them. The experiment of using the appellations of the actual Indian of the day has not been tried. The Rain-in-the-Face House would attract attention, and the Water-Afraid of-a-Tip Hotel would draw custom.

As a people we have a good deal of trouble with our nomenclature. There are so many things to name. Then, too, names wear out in this strenuous age. Squnk Hollow does very well till the trolley comes through and the city folk flock out to make it their home. Then, of course, we have to change it to Marlborough Villas. We get along very comfortably with Bodger's Ferry till one or two of its leading families return from a European trip. Then we call it Bodger's-Ferry-on-Hudson. There is a plain old Puritan hill up in New England which for years was called Mount Tom. Then somebody built a summer hotel on top of it and more than one peaceful native about its base has brought on lockjaw in struggling with its new Leather Stockinged name

There is at Washington a Bureau of Geographical Names which is supposed to look after many of these things, but it seems to confine its attention mainly to Alaska and to those exuberant Western citizens who wish to call their new post-office You Bet, or Billy-be-Busted—picturesque appellations which ought not to be prohibited. The Bureau should attend to the case of Auvergnehurst by-the-Sea, late honest Bull's Beach. Its authority ought to be extended to the summer hotels, and by official construction the sleeping-cars should be declared geographical appurtenances. Then the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should look after the case of the helpless race-horses; the mental torture inflicted upon some of them by their names must be considerable. But a paternal government must pause when it comes to the names of girl babies. The right of fond parents to change "i's" into "y's" and "y's" into "ie's" must in no way be restricted.



Taming the Kansas Zephyr

THE London Spectator is given to dreams, and in one of its latest visions it sees a time when the wind shall be pressed into service to turn on electricity for people who are out of reach of a benevolent corporation. "We can see no reason," it observes, "why every country house should not have its own electric light and its electric motor car, its grindstones and its sewing machines driven by its own windmill."

No reason indeed, one would think; but the Spectator adds: "At present one cannot go into the market and order the apparatus for such a purpose."

Perhaps not in England, but we can in America. The supply of windmill electric plants for country houses has been an established business in this country for a number of years. You can go into the market and buy a complete outfit—windmill, dynamo, storage battery, wires and lights, all ready for installation. Many country houses in our Western States are already so equipped. The farmers who own these plants not only do everything the Spectator suggests, but they pump water, cut feed for stock and make butter by wind power transformed into electricity.

The London prophet has to fall back on Mr. H. G. Wells' Anticipations to fortify his wild predictions, and he hardly ventures to hope for their realization before the next generation, if ever. He thinks that the engineers may tell us that there is some insuperable obstacle in the way of making a satisfactory accumulator. Is it really necessary for Englishmen to depend on a novelist's fancies to suggest for the next generation possibilities that are already daily commonplaces in America? Is our practice a generation ahead of that of Great Britain? It does not seem possible, and yet we can remember distinctly the time when English writers ridiculed the idea that anybody could learn to read a Morse telegraph message by sound. They insisted that it was necessary to have the dots and dashes recorded on a tape. And later still, when no boy would have ventured to apply for a position as pitcher on an American high-school nine without knowing how to pitch curved balls, the English papers were proving, in a sarcastically superior way, that curve pitching was a mathematical impossibility.

Perhaps the "American invasion" might not be so formidable to Englishmen if they would devote less time to showing why things could not be done and more to doing them

The City Block Beautiful

FADS have their uses, for even the silliest of them are good enough to laugh at. A generation ago a new fad in home decoration raged violently in England and the United States, and there was no end of fun in print and conversation about people who talked of "inspiring" wall-paper and "soothing" rugs, and odd china, preferably old and cracked, which its owners tremulously hoped they might "live up to." But the final outcome of it was a general transforming of the rooms, of rich and poor alike, from formality and bareness to abiding grace and comfort

The newest fad of the kind will bear intelligent watching, for it is called "The Block Beautiful." It began, quite properly, in New York, which contains more costly yet unsightly residence rectangles than any other city in the civilized world. Nearly half a century ago a worse fad, of which the newer one is a corrective, was for building long rows of costly houses with brownstone fronts that were so much alike that the residents had to affix name-plates to their doors so that they might not accidentally attempt to enter neighbors' houses after dark. The city is now experimenting at beautifying some of its block-long fronts of ugly houses. The general commonplace appearance has been modified, in some streets, by vines which cling to the stone. Beyond this it has seemed impossible to go, for the dooryard is almost unknown in New York. But "where there's a will there's a way," and some new ways have been devised, one of which provides a variety of doorways and the steps thereto.

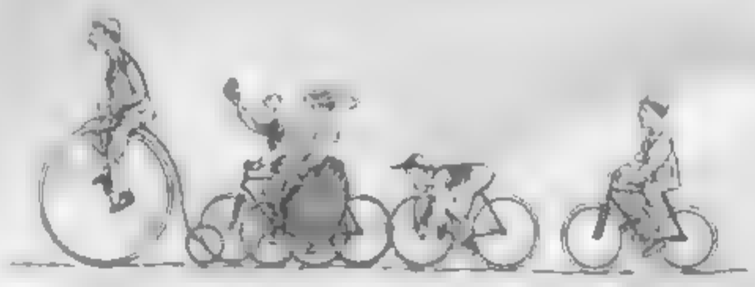
Residents of towns in which the houses are not limited by the mean dimensions of city "lots" should not laugh at New York's yearning for "The Block Beautiful" until they have taken a long look at their own surroundings, for there is such a thing as the ugliness of irregularity, and most American towns are full of it. Plants, vines, shrubbery and trees will make any part of an ordinary village more sightly than a costly city block can be if the householders consult one another with a view to harmonious effect.

The Bicycle On Its Merits

IT IS a pity that a census was not taken five or six years ago, in the height of the bicycle boom. We should probably have seen some startling statistics of outputs; but even as it is, the returns just published will probably surprise most people. There is a more or less general impression that the bicycle industry is dead or dying. The boom is over. Unused wheels are stacked in cellars Repair shops are no longer sprinkled along every block. And yet it appears that there are people—regiments, brigades, armies of them—who not only ride bicycles but buy them every year. In the year 1900 no less than 1,200,000 machines were turned out in the United States, and perhaps a good many more. There were 1,182,850 built in the regular factories, and a number unspecified, but probably very large, built in the 6328 bicycle repair shops.

If we did not know what a tremendous expansion this industry had in the middle of the last decade and what a decline has been experienced since, we should imagine it to be in the full tide of a most extraordinary boom. In the ten years from 1890 to 1900 the number of bicycle factories has increased by 1055 per cent., and the value of the product by 1142 per cent. More chainless bicycles are turned out now than there were wheels of all kinds in 1890.

Probably at least five million people in the United States still ride the bicycle regularly, and this number may be expected to increase steadily hereafter. The machine has passed the ping-pong stage. It is no longer a fad. The people who took it up because it was the fashion have dropped it, and it is used now solely on its own merits. And the people who find it of service will continue to use it. Every mile of good road built adds to its value.



MEN AND MEASURES

THE WEEK AT WASHINGTON
By Charles Emory Smith

The Battle Between Senator Morgan and Senator Hanna; the Cuban Reciprocity Fiasco; the Failure of all Attempts to Create a Philippine Issue.

SENATOR HANNA

SENATOR MORGAN

THE United States has been saved from what might have been a deplorable mistake and an incalculable misfortune. The adoption of the Panama in place of the Nicaragua route for the Isthmian canal is likely to prove one of those happy escapes which may be accepted as providential. The nation was on the point of entering on an unseen, unknown, unmeasured venture which might have involved an unsuspected calamity. It has been rescued and turned aside on the very brink of the plunge

The revolution of sentiment through which this escape has been effected is one of the most sudden and striking in all our political history. For more than half a century an Isthmian canal has been the dream of the commercial world and the aim of our public policy. This object became a part of the national creed, and the faith and purpose crystallized in the Nicaragua route. So universal was this conviction that the common form of definition and description was the Nicaragua canal instead of the Isthmian canal. Everybody accepted the route as settled, and the only question was the one of means. Suddenly, after years of unhesitating acquiescence and fixed expectation, the old determination which had become a habit of mind yields to a new revelation, and the Panama route is adopted.

It is true that Nicaragua was thus generally accepted largely because Panama seemed to be foreclosed to the United States. It had been preëmpted and preoccupied by the French. It had been clouded with mismanagement, profligacy, losses, scandals and failure until it appeared to be mired in inextricable and hopeless disaster. But, apart from this apparent impossibility of Panama, there was blind faith in Nicaragua. There had been investigations by expert engineers and able commissions, but it is almost startling to think how much remained yet unexplored and how ready we were to start in on the gigantic undertaking without thorough knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome.

At the last, various causes united to clear the air, remove the obstacles and change sentiment. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was out of the way. The hour for action had come. The discussion and preparation of years were to culminate in the final decision. When the French Company found that it must either come to terms or lose its only chance, it offered to sell and give a clear title at a fair valuation. For the first time this made the Panama project feasible and brought it within the range of choice. Then the destructive volcanic eruptions of Mont Pelee and the Great Souffrière, the fact of their connected and concurrent action, and the evidence that they were located on a volcanic arc which extended along the Nicaragua route opened the eyes of the country to perils which had not been realized.

Senator Morgan the Father of the Canal

But even then it was not an easy battle. Senator Morgan made a resolute, tenacious, almost pathetic struggle for the cause to which he had devoted so many of the best years of his life. More than any other man in the country he is identified with the project of a canal to connect the two oceans, and his faith, his pride and his hopes have centred in Nicaragua. How supremely he has labored for that object is indicated in a little story which he himself naively related to President McKinley. At his last reelection to the Senate he had a vigorous opponent in Governor Johnson, who is an unpolished, rough-and-ready, aggressive campaigner.

When President McKinley visited Montgomery and was welcomed in the State Capitol where Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Southern Confederacy, Governor Johnson presided, and his speech illustrated the quality and fibre of the man. It was hearty and doubtless sincere in its greeting to the President, but it contained a note of dissonance which jarred on the assemblage, and which called out in response one of those quick, keen, good-humored but penetrating and effective rejoinders for which President McKinley was distinguished.

Senator Morgan was recounting the fight which Governor Johnson was making against him. "He tells the people of Alabama," said the Senator, "that I neglect their interests; he says I do nothing but think and talk for the Nicaragua canal, and he adds that if I had set my jaw at the work of dredging it, it would have been finished before now."

In this rough vernacular Senator Morgan has a marvelous power of jaw, and his voluminous speeches and incessant work for Nicaragua constitute a noble record of faithful and disinterested devotion to a high public object. Whatever his partisan ties he is above all a true patriot; he has shown his broad national statesmanship through all the great issues of a large Americanism in these later years; and the chivalrous manner in which, after being defeated in his fight for Nicaragua, he joined in accepting the Panama amendment is greatly to his credit. Wherever the route, he deserves the distinction of being the Father of the Canal.

Business Methods in the Forum

The honor of carrying Panama through the Senate belongs to Senator Hanna. It is one of the few cases where the measure of success can be distinctly apportioned. It is also one of the few cases where a speech actually changed votes. The power exercised by Senator Hanna in this instance was not that of a party leader or that of personal influence, but it was the effect of his speech—the persuasion of plain facts and strong reasoning on minds that were predisposed the other way but not absolutely set and immovable.

The success of Senator Hanna as a speaker is a rare and interesting illustration of the appearance of a business man in a new field of intellectual effort at a late period in life. It is not often that a man who has devoted his years to business affairs and who has never been accustomed to public speaking can venture into this domain at sixty and make any mark. Though he had spoken a little in his own State, Mr. Hanna's first serious attempt was in the campaign of 1900. He was induced on one occasion to leave the headquarters of the chief, who behind the scenes plans the strategy of the field, and go as a special exception to the home platform of Congressman Landis, at Delphi, Indiana. His success was instant and signal. He was the lion of the meeting.

The secret of this success lay on the surface. He spoke on the platform just as he would speak in a group of half a dozen business men dealing with a business question. He went to the heart of the subject in the most direct, straightforward fashion, and put the points in such simple, clear and telling manner that every man, woman and child in his audience could immediately understand them and see their force.

In contending for the Panama route he not only spoke his own convictions, but he had the further inspiration of feeling that he was executing one chapter in the testament of President McKinley. Though the large movement and sentiment for Panama were recent and sudden, yet there had been for some time a latent feeling for it in some quarters and a conception that events might take such a turn as to bring it to the front. Under the law of Congress, President McKinley appointed the Commission to investigate the problem of routes, and he felt that its report might open up new questions and lead to new conclusions. With this conviction he insisted that the platform of the Philadelphia National Convention which was to renominate him should declare, not for the Nicaragua canal in specific form, but for an Isthmian canal in general terms. It was so prepared. Under sinister influence it was clandestinely changed, after having passed the Committee, so as to stand for a Nicaragua canal; but fortunately in this instance the tampering was discovered in time, and the platform was changed back into the declaration for an Isthmian canal as it was finally adopted.

Events have curiously justified that wise precaution of President McKinley, and the practical determination of the canal which shall unite the Atlantic and the Pacific after three centuries of dreams and half a century of effort is probably the best conclusion and action which could be reached. It furnishes another exemplification of the truth so often illustrated in our history that, whatever their struggles and vagaries, the American people are apt to come to the happiest result in the end. It is eminently fortunate that Congress, while deciding the route, has left a measure of discretion and power in the hands of the President.

The Cuban Reciprocity Fiasco

The session closed with no movement to bring Cuban reciprocity to the actual test in the Senate. The long-nursed child simply sickened and withered. The preliminary consultations had shown that the case was hopeless, and the heroic measures were not tried. All sorts of explanations of the failure are offered—some of them correct as far as they go, some of them with a tinge of truth, and some of them wholly imaginary. Had there been in the early stages of the contest a vigorous and determined effort with the explicit declaration that it must be reciprocity or nothing and had the friendly forces been lined up behind that declaration, the policy would have carried.

The control of the House was lost through a wrong start and misdirected energies. The mastery of the Senate was sacrificed through divided counsels, hesitating purposes and prolonged delays. The advocates of a rebate instead of a reduction of duty thought they had encouragement; in the hope of harmony the issue was not pressed when the forces were more plastic; and the longer it was put off the more the lines hardened. There may have been lukewarmness on the part of some ostensible friends; there may have been unwillingness that some of the later developments should be aired in the Senate; but although the personal equation entered to some extent into the rivalry of various leaders there was no Presidential play in the game. Possibly deep down in some bosoms may have lurked a smothered desire that an energetic and forceful President might be balked, but there was not enough of this to be a vital factor. The result is not defeat, but postponement. He cannot let the question go without some action. Cuba must still have the hope of American concessions and the American market. The immediate negotiation of a treaty would be an engagement of good understanding until its final fate were determined; and if a treaty of mutual interest and advantage were made and submitted to the Senate after the fall elections were over and the chance of immediate political play was past, it would almost certainly be ratified.

The Transformation Scenes of the Session

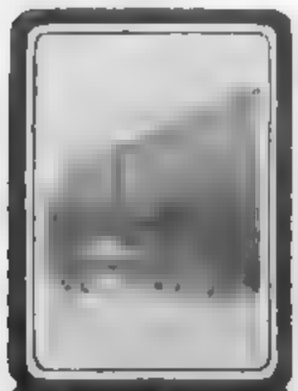
The one failure of the session was this of Cuban reciprocity—a failure emphasized by the prominence of the question and the large proportion of time it has consumed. Against this conspicuous shortcoming may be offset a general record of fair success. The session was surrounded with unusual interest. A new President had come in under circumstances of the most painful character and amid difficulties of the most trying description. He was a unique personality, of extraordinary force, irresistible energy, indomitable courage and enthusiastic aspirations. He was widely different in temperament from his predecessor, and high hope looked ahead over his coming trial with not altogether certain inquiry.

How would he get along with Congress? How would he handle the great policies to which he had fallen heir? How steadily would he hold the helm in the new and difficult piloting along untried channels and amid unseen shoals? Seven months of ample trial have furnished the answer. For the most part it is so satisfactory that the country can look with assurance to the future. The President has preserved his individuality and his strong characteristics have had full play; but there has been such a blending of forceful assertion and practical judgment that he has maintained his leadership and continued the best relations between the executive and legislative branches.

The session witnessed some curious transformation scenes. Its developments illustrate the truth that issues are not made at will but grow out of events. At one time during the session the Democrats deliberately determined to make the Philippine question the main line of battle for the Congressional elections of this year and for the Presidential election of 1904. The manifesto of the new programme was formally put forth. Mr. Watterson came on from Kentucky to give the bugle blast. The ardent and hopeful young leaders of the minority in the Senate mapped out their fight and fired the opening guns. Circumstances seemed to favor them, for with a series of unpleasant reports a wave of unfavorable sentiment flowed over the country. But it proved to be only a wave and not a settled current. The impulse was momentary and not substantial. A few weeks changed the whole aspect, and the session closed with the Philippine issue remanded to a secondary place and the battle array reformed along the more familiar lines of tariff and trusts

The House had but two notable debates during the entire session—those on Cuban reciprocity and the Philippine civil government bill. The Senate debated for seven months. It showed fine debating strength on both sides. Taken as a whole, the discussions were able and creditable, and it may fairly be said, notwithstanding occasional excesses and extreme partisanship, that the Senate maintains its reputation as a dignified and dispassionate deliberative body.

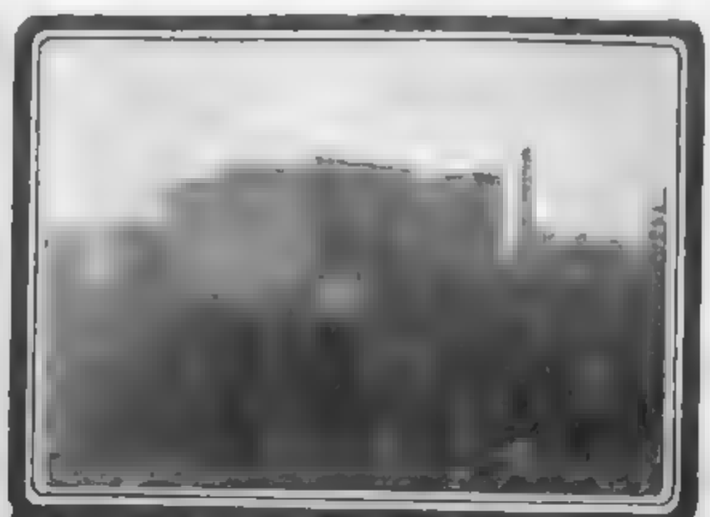
THE WORLD'S GRANARY



INSPECTOR, HELPER AND SEALER, READY FOR BUSINESS

STATE BOARD OF APPEALS CLEARING THEIR DOCKET. EVERY BASIN OF GRAIN REPRESENTS AN APPEAL

CYLINDRICAL TILE STORAGE TANK IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION



PILLSBURY "A" MILL, MINNEAPOLIS, DAILY CAPACITY 14,000 BARRELS—THE LARGEST FLOUR MILL IN THE WORLD

MINNEAPOLIS has for some time been recognized as the largest primary wheat market in the world, and for a much longer time the greatest milling centre. Many persons have made long journeys to see the great mills there and observe the process by which several trainloads of wheat are turned into flour in one day. But the methods of flour-making have undergone so many radical changes within the past few years that men who were once experts in the business would now be novices

The number of flouring mills in Minneapolis to-day is no greater than it was twenty years ago, but the present annual output (fifteen million barrels) exceeds that of twenty years ago by more than six hundred and fifty per cent; and this in the face of the fact that some of the larger plants manufacture, in addition to their flour product, immense quantities of the different kinds of breakfast cereals now so commonly used. The gain in capacity is due to the fact that most of the mills have been enlarged from time to time and equipped with the very best modern machinery. As an illustration, "Pillsbury A" mill was constructed in 1880 with a daily capacity of five thousand barrels, but it has been improved until its capacity is now fourteen thousand barrels. This is the largest flour mill in the world

The Death of the Dusty Miller

A great mill like this is a wonderful triumph of scientific industry, and when in full operation seems almost a thing of life. The wheat is shoveled by machinery from the car into a large pit from which it is taken into the endless machinery of the mill. It is then hurried on, this way and that, through secret passages, from one side of the big mill to the other, now up, now down, through this machine and that, until finally every kernel is divided into its many component parts, and each part drops into its own receptacle. It has been forced through all these processes by the mill's own mechanism, without having been touched by human hands or seen by human eyes. No one is watching to see if it takes the proper course, or if every part of the machinery does its work, a lever is pulled which conducts a portion of the Mississippi upon the big wheel, and all the intricate machinery in the giant mill responds with a harmony that seems almost human

The dusty old miller of a quarter-century ago, who was an expert at sharpening burrs and picks and could locate and count every bolt in his mill with his eyes closed, would be in a new and unknown world in one of these up-to-date mills. He would be useful only in proportion to his ability to head up barrels or tie sacks

Incidentally it may be stated that while the mills have been increasing their capacity and improving their processes the price of the product has been steadily decreasing. In 1880 the average profit on a barrel of flour was seventy five cents, but to-day the millers think themselves fortunate if they net ten cents

It must not be inferred from this that the business of milling has reached a crisis, or that the meagre profits on a barrel of flour, as compared with those of the old days, have affected the milling industry. The price of flour has been reduced through natural causes, but the reduction has been, perhaps, more than offset by the increased capacity of the mills through the introduction of modern machinery. The lucrativeness of all the large manufacturing industries, to-day, depends upon the great volume of the output rather than upon large percentages of profit

The present magnitude of the milling industry at Minneapolis has been reached through several causes. The exhaustless power furnished by the Falls of St. Anthony was not only responsible for the first mill, but none of the mills now located there would have been built in the absence of that power. Neither would there have been any Minneapolis

Another cause for the remarkable growth of the milling industry of Minneapolis is the reputation given the mill products through the sturdy character and inflexible honesty of the men who were its pioneers. These men were determined that the quality of Minneapolis flour should be beyond question, and they have succeeded so well that the word "Minneapolis" stamped upon a barrel or sack of flour has come to be looked upon as a certificate of the quality of the contents anywhere on the globe.

A third cause lies in the fact that Minnesota and the Dakotas, tributary territory, constitute the hard spring wheat belt of this continent. While the demand for Minneapolis flour has been increasing, the yield of the world-famous "No. 1 Hard" and "No. 1 Northern," of the Red River Valley, has also increased. More acres of the virgin soil are being broken each year; and scientific knowledge in agriculture, as disseminated by the most successful School of Agriculture in the Union, has increased the yield per acre

The growth of Minneapolis as a wheat market may be better appreciated by the fact that, though Southern Minnesota has gone into the business of stock-raising and dairying to such an extent that a "Wheat State" is liable to be transformed into a "Bread and-Butter State," and though Duluth, with the advantage of a seaboard, has become a market of formidable proportions, Minneapolis now markets more than nine times as much wheat as in 1880

But the raising of the grain and the grinding it into flour have not constituted the only problems. Transportation, inspection, weighing and storing have constituted problems at once delicate and important When the wheat crop begins to move, the receipts at Minneapolis are from one thousand to fifteen hundred cars daily. The railroads begin preparations for it, months ahead, by purchasing new cars, repairing old ones and putting their equipment in order.

THE NEW WAY

The New Monster Elevators

Twenty years ago a car carried about four hundred bushels, but those now being built easily carry twelve hundred bushels. The building of new roads and the improvement in the methods of transportation have also reduced the price of grain-carrying to terminal points in Minnesota nearly, if not quite, sixty-six per cent. But little more than ten years ago it cost twenty-six cents a hundred pounds to ship wheat from Minneapolis to Chicago; to-day the same amount is carried for ten cents. Twenty years ago it cost from fifteen to eighteen cents a bushel to ship wheat from Duluth to Buffalo; to-day a rate of three cents a bushel would be excessive. At that time a good cargo was 30,000 bushels; now those figures may be multiplied by ten

A great and growing grain market created and fostered by an extensive milling system like that at Minneapolis has made the problem of storage one of first importance, the solution of which pointed to more elevators and radical change in construction. The modern terminal elevator, which is a child of necessity, has reached its present development through as many evolutions, perhaps, as those of the modern flour mill. There has been no change in recent years in the methods of operating a terminal elevator, except that in some cases electricity has been substituted for steam as power, and that in a few instances the grain is conveyed by pneumatic tubes instead of by cup belts. But the shape and material of the structures have been completely revolutionized. Some years ago, in this process of evolution, steel began to supplant wood as material, and the Great Northern steel elevator, of Duluth, which is capable of storing more grain under one roof than any other elevator in the world, is made wholly of steel.

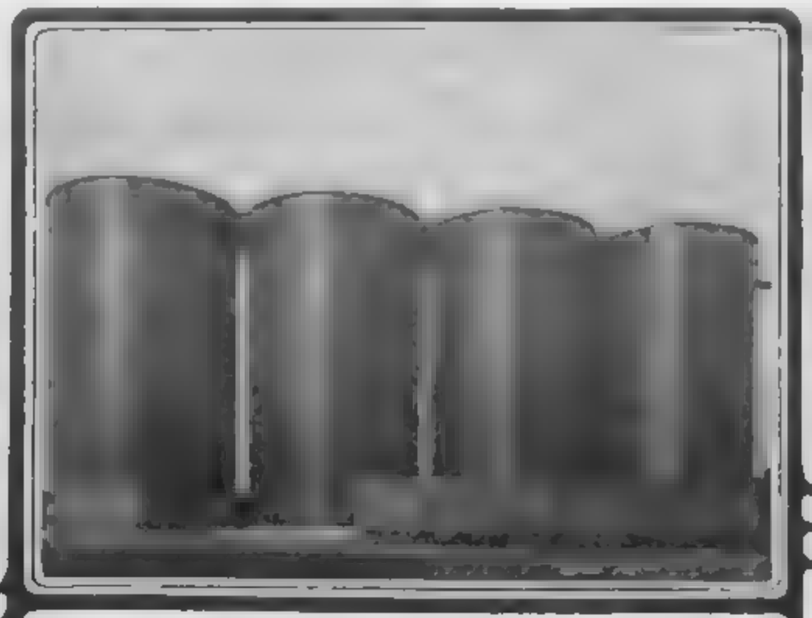
Cylindrical tanks for storage next began to be erected outside of and separate from the elevator, instead of the long bins in the elevator proper. Some are made of steel, some of tiling and some of cement. A wide, flat, rubber belt carries the grain from the upper story of the elevating plant, or "working house," to the tanks, and discharges it through a hole in the roof. When grain is shipped from a tank it is conveyed from the bottom of the structure, through a subterranean passage, to the elevator pit on a belt similar to the overhead belt which carries it to the tank From the pit it is elevated to the

PIONEER STEEL ELEVATOR, MINNEAPOLIS HOUSE AND TANKS ARE MADE WHOLLY OF STEEL

Minneapolis: Where the Wheat of a Continent is Stored, and the Flour for the World Milled.

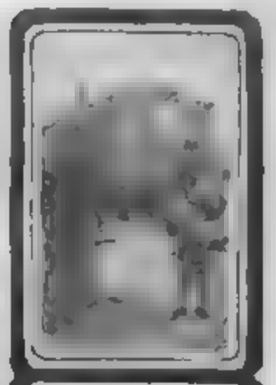
By W. M. Todd

WHERE FLAX IS GRADED. THE INSPECTORS SIFT OUT AND WEIGH THE DIRT FROM EACH SAMPLE



TILE STORAGE TANKS AS THEY APPEAR ON CLOSE INSPECTION THESE TANKS HAVE A CAPACITY OF 100,000 BUSHELS EACH

A BELT CONVEYER AT WORK



THE SAMPLER'S BURDEN

A WEIGHING FLOOR OF THE LARGEST HOPPER SCALES EVER CONSTRUCTED THEY WILL HOLD 140,000 POUNDS

VIEW OF THE MILLING DISTRICT

shipping-floor and spouted to a car It is possible to keep grain making this circuit continuously—from the pit to the top of the "working house" by the cup belt, to the top of the tank by the horizontal belt, to the bottom of the tank by gravitation, then to the elevator pit again by the underground passage Sometimes damp grain is treated in this way to dry it A conveying belt is about three feet wide, and the stream of grain which falls upon its surface is from six to seven inches in diameter A six-inch stream will empty a tank of about five thousand bushels of wheat in an hour Each plant consists of a dozen of these tanks, more or less, and their capacity is about one hundred thousand bushels each. These are much more expensive than the old-style houses, but the extra expense is offset in a few years' time by the saving in insurance. Being strictly fireproof no insurance is carried on the structure or its contents. Thus, while the mills have passed from the primitive to the modern era, and the methods of transportation have been improved, the elevators have kept pace with these improvements

The Minnesota System of State Inspection

In addition to the great industries already mentioned, Minnesota has a system of State supervision over the grain marketed at its terminals, in which the grain dealers of the whole world are vitally interested. Other States, or some of them, assume a partial supervision of the inspection and weighing, but none of them to an extent equal to that of Minnesota Neither is there another State whose certificates of inspection are accepted without question wherever its cereal products are sold. When a cargo of Minnesota wheat arrives at Buffalo, or at any foreign port, accompanied by a certificate showing that the wheat was inspected by the State and graded No. 1 or No. 2, as the case may be, that certificate is accepted and made the basis of the sale

The grain department is under the supervision of the State Board of Railway and Warehouse Commissioners, which appoints, directly or indirectly, all the employees of the Department and prescribes, in a general way, the methods of procedure. The details are left to the chief inspector and the heads of the departments under him There are three departments: inspection, weighing and registration Though these departments are nominally separate and distinct they cooperate and work in complete harmony The inspectors determine the grade on all the grain received at or shipped from the terminal points (Minneapolis and Duluth); the weighing department weighs it, and the registration department keeps a book account of the receipts and shipments of the storing-houses

The object of the registration department is to protect the holders of receipts for grain in store When grain is stored in a licensed public storing-house the owner is given a receipt which states upon its face the amount and grade of grain so stored, as certified to by the weighing and inspection departments, respectively This receipt is stamped by the registrar and registered much after the manner of a chattel mortgage, and it thus becomes a safe and convenient form of collateral for a loan at the bank. The grain represented by a receipt cannot be shipped until such receipt has been canceled by the registrar, who keeps a strict account of the receipts and shipments of the public houses, that he may know, at all times, that the amount of grain in such houses equals the sum of the receipts held against them. A large part of the millions of money required to move the Northwestern wheat crop is furnished the dealers, by banks, on these receipts as collateral

The necessity for grading grain arises from the varying values due to different conditions, such as variety of seed, degree of soundness, the presence of dirt, and exposure to the elements The rules for the guidance of the inspectors are made each year after samples of the new crop from different portions of the State have been inspected, and are based upon conditions peculiar to that year With these rules as a guide the inspectors are at their work every morning as early as they can see. In each of the railroad yards, on tracks for that purpose, are hundreds of cars, in an unbroken string, awaiting inspection They arrived during the previous night from the States of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Wisconsin, and in them is every kind and quality of grain. A sample from each car must be procured and inspected, and that as quickly as possible. The 'helper' probes the load to the bottom in several different places, with a grain auger, which works on the principle of a butter trier, and secures an average sample The trained inspector takes the sample, and, letting a quantity of it fall from one hand into the other until he has scrutinized almost every individual kernel, gives it the grade to which his judgment tells him it is entitled. The color, the weight, the variety, and the kind, as well as the amount of foul stuff mixed in it, all enter into the question, and in case of doubt the inspector will call to his aid every one of his five senses

With the rules as a guide, grain inspection might seem an easy process. On the contrary, it requires years of experience and training Grades are not established by mechanical or mathematical processes, but by the exercise of technical knowledge and judgment This fact will explain why inspectors of equal experience and technical knowledge sometimes differ Under the rules, wheat of a certain quality and under certain conditions must be graded, for instance, No. 1 But whether a given sample possesses that quality, or those conditions, is a matter of expert judgment; and when the wheat is so evenly poised between two grades that one point would throw it one way or the other it becomes a very delicate question to decide. All the criticism that arises from grain inspection, whether State inspection or otherwise, comes from the unalterable fact that all men cannot see all things just alike

The Board of Appeals and Its Work

In order that shippers who feel that their grain has not been justly graded may have redress, the State legislature has created a tribunal known as the Board of Appeals, to which such cases may be referred This tribunal consists of three members, appointed by the Governor, and its decree is final. Minneapolis and Duluth, each, have such a Board, and though the jurisdiction of each is confined to its own district a case adjudicated by one Board cannot be taken to the other. There are in Minneapolis sixty-eight mills and elevators where all grain received and shipped is weighed by representatives of the State The scales used are modern and equipped with automatic registering appliances which stamp the weight of each draft upon a card This operates as a check against error. The State also employs a scale expert who devotes his whole time to the examination and adjustment of scales When he finds a scale which is not doing accurate work he has the power to condemn it, pending adjustment The weighers are selected with reference to their fitness for their work, and they give a bond for the honest and faithful performance of their duties Their skill and caution, added to the mechanical devices employed by the system, render it well-nigh impossible for an error to be made which will not afterward reveal itself

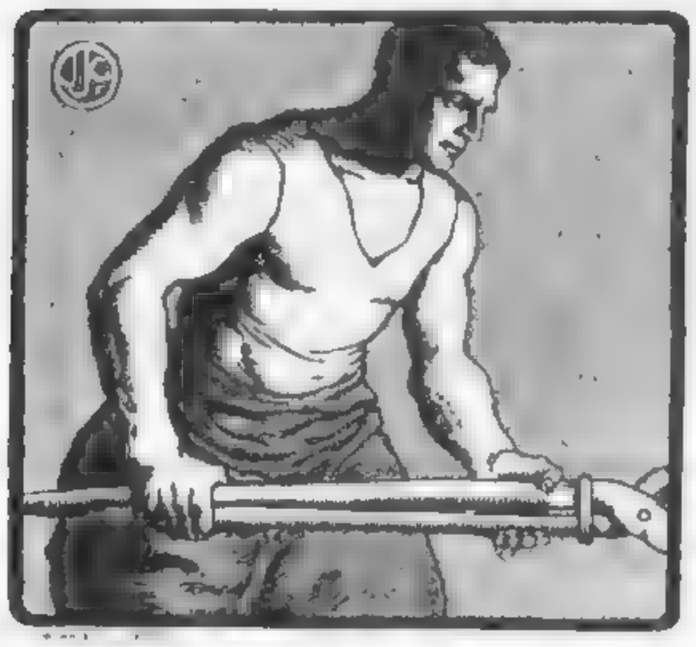
The whole cost of State service is twenty-five cents a car for inspection, and the same amount for weighing. On a basis of eight hundred bushels a carload this makes the cost of both inspecting and weighing a car a little less than two thirds of one mill a bushel. This amount, small as it is, is, in the aggregate sufficient to pay the salaries of inspectors, weighers, clerks and all the incidental running expenses of the Department

The Department needs no other defense for its existence than the fact that by its operation a humble farmer in a remote portion of the State may ship a car of grain (if he has enough to fill it) to one of the terminal markets, and for the modest sum of fifty cents can have it graded and weighed by men who are not only honest and thoroughly competent but who are totally impartial

The High-Rolling Steel Rollers

The Plutocrats of the Labor World

By Paul Latzke



IN McKEESPORT there is a retired roller, a Swede, who is worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was a sort of monopolist in his day, controlling four mills. The four mills he had handled were divided among four separate men, another departure from the old time way of doing things, and one that will help along the leveling process.

Another roller, "Tom" Evans, has one of the show places in Allegheny County. He worked in the McKeesport mills for over twenty years. Still another obtained leave of absence about a year ago for an extended tour of Europe. Since his return he has been living quietly on his income, having turned his place over in the meanwhile to his son, who is holding down the job until the old man gets ready to take it up again.

The Dude Roller with Forty Suits

The great pride of the iron country is a man known popularly as the "dude" roller. He came into the Pittsburg district from Ohio some years ago, and at once made a big hit. He was the son of a small iron manufacturer, and might have entered his father's business, but he preferred to go into the steel mills, where he could make seven or eight thousand dollars a year, rather than start out in life as a ten or twelve dollar a week clerk. His wardrobe is as extensive as that of the most ambitious man in the New York world of fashion. It is his boast that he never has less than forty suits of clothes, all produced by high priced Eastern tailors. He works in light sheepskin gloves to protect his hands, and on Saturday nights and Sundays goes into society dressed like a swell from Fifth Avenue.

Ordinarily the rollers are men who have gone into the mills at a very early age. Considering the large incomes they make, it is a singular thing that few among them ever find their way into controlling positions in the works. There are a few cases where men who in time past were at the rolls are now mill officers, but they are exceptional. One does, however, find here and there men of superior education.

One of the rollers to whom I was introduced at McKeesport was educated as a physician. He had been a mill worker, but, aspiring to a position of importance in the outside world, saved his money and took a complete medical course. After graduation, however, he concluded that, after all, the certainties of life were probably to be preferred to the uncertainties, and when a place was offered him as roller in a mill, which would yield an income of one hundred and fifty dollars a week, he put on his overalls again and hung up his diploma. Among the heaters I found two dentists and one civil engineer. They had all three tried their luck outside, but had come back again, because they had found it impossible to make anything like the money which was offered them in the mills. There are to be found numerous high school boys in all the works, but these either find their way to the front very early in life or else settle down to the regular routine, content when they reach the position of roller or heater.

The work is such that unless a man has exceptional endowments or extraordinary ambition, he finds it impossible to maintain an interest in study of a kind that will make for high position. The necessity for relaxation that is inherent in every human being finds vent, under these circumstances, rather in a physical than in a mental way. It is this fact that, despite all the improvement that has come, still leaves a large class among the iron workers who care more for dissipation than they do for those comforts esteemed by people whose work is not of so strenuous a character.

A great deal of animal energy is stored up and this is worked off on Saturday nights and Sundays when the mills are closed down. Into these hours they crowd their entire relaxation for the week, and as the pressure is high, and money plentiful, the relaxation is often in proportion. The man who has been laboring for seventy-two hours in the mills, when he washes up on Saturday morning after his night shift, puts on his best clothes and makes a bee-line for Pittsburg. If he is married he takes his wife along; if he isn't he travels in the company of some crony. He goes to the matinée in the afternoon and then has the best dinner that money can buy. Great, juicy steaks, hidden in small mountains of mushrooms, are the favorite dish, washed down plentifully with imported beer, Scotch whiskey, or else with a cold bottle. After dinner there is another theatre party and then a supper that is as liberal as the earlier meal.

Sunday is devoted to more quiet pursuits and to rest. Most of the mills start up for the week on Sunday evening between six o'clock and midnight, and there are few vacant places when time is called, for even the iron-worker of the dissipated class is on the whole a steady worker, and rarely lets go a good job once he has obtained it.

The Ishmael of the Iron Mills

About the only pronounced exception to this in the ranks is the puddler. He is the Ishmael and the wanderer of the trade. There are many prudent, steady-going puddlers, but among them there is a class which rarely stays in one town or on one job more than two months at the outside. Nor is this altogether strange, when the nature of their work is taken into consideration. The working hours of a puddler are shorter than those of most of the other men in the iron trade, but on the other hand their work is very much harder. When the thermometer is around the one-hundred mark, as is frequently the case in the Pennsylvania iron fields, it seems to be almost impossible that any human being could stand the strain they undergo. The puddler produces iron, in contradistinction to the work of a majority of the others, who work in steel. He stands for eight hours in front of a seething furnace with short respites.

Armed with an iron bar, crooked at one end, it is his duty to puddle or stir the molten iron, and as he must keep it in a constant state of agitation, and as he works practically at arm's length, it may be imagined what his task means. It is no gentle stirring, for he is compelled to throw the whole weight of his huge, muscular body on every stroke, bending double to the task. When the iron has been "boiled" a sufficient length of time he allows it to cool gradually and then gathers it together in a ball in the furnace and pulls it out.

For this work the puddler gets $5 75 a ton, and the ordinary day's production is a ton and a half. This would give him about $8 65 for a day's work, but out of this he must pay his helper one-third and five per cent. of the balance, so that he nets about $5 50 a day, or between $33 00 and $35 00 a week.

When the wandering fit strikes him he goes to an employment agent, and this man finds him a location elsewhere. The railroad fare is provided by the employer at the other end, for puddlers, when there is employment for them at all, are in great demand. Generally the puddler is a married man, but this in no wise curbs his taste for travel. The wife and family are generally carried along.

The "knobbler" shares with the puddler the honor of having the most trying work in the iron field. Puddling was introduced into this country from England, and the puddlers are almost invariably Englishmen. Knobbling comes from Sweden. It produces the highest grade of iron known in the trade, the product being used almost exclusively for boiler tubes in the high-pressure locomotives. There is no other metal which gives such good results in the field in which it is employed. Knobbled iron is much more expensive than ordinary steel.

The Knobbler and His Work

The knobblers are exclusively Swedes, and, though their work is very similar to that of the puddlers, they are an entirely different class of men. They rarely leave their employment.

The qualifications for knobbling are very much higher than those for puddling. The knobbler, like the puddler, works directly in the iron, using the same sort of bar to agitate his material. But, though he is immediately over the fire, the iron which he manipulates is out of sight, so that he is compelled to rely for results on his trained sense of touch. He must be able to tell by feeling when the charge in his furnace has been sufficiently knobbled and is ready to draw. The knobbler gets $6 50 a ton for his product and usually turns out a ton and a half. Out of this he gives his helper one-third and ten per cent. of the balance, so that he makes on an average $5.85 a day.

The most picturesque figure in the mill is the man who handles the product of the puddler and the knobbler after it is turned out of the furnaces. He is the hammerman. The metal comes to him a rough, round, soft ball, white hot, full of cinders and charcoal. It is the hammerman's duty to manipulate this ball until the slack and foreign substances are worked out of it, and to transfer it from a rough ball into a fairly smooth, oblong shape, when it becomes suitable for rolling into sheets.

The Man Who Runs the Trip-Hammer

The hammerman is of necessity strong and sturdy. The mass of metal he handles weighs about four hundred pounds, and this he is compelled by sheer muscular force to twist and turn and set up this way and that as swiftly and deftly as a juggler. In front of the hammerman's face hangs a mask from forehead to chin. This is to safeguard him from the sparks that fly in an almost constant shower. A long, leather apron dangles from his neck, and his hands also are protected by leathers.

His only implement is a huge pair of tongs, with handles about ten feet long. With these tongs he deftly rolls the metal on an iron base about two feet square. Over this base hangs a steel trip-hammer worked by the hammerman's assistant. This hammer has the weight and power of a pile driver and the speed of a steam piston. It flies up and down in short, sharp strokes, at the rate of about forty or fifty a minute, and it is necessary for the hammerman to keep his metal twisting so that every stroke may come true and aid in flattening the iron to the required shape.

Some idea of the strength and skill required for this work may be formed when it is remembered that a barrel of flour, which is ordinarily a good lift for two men, weighs only about two hundred pounds, but that this mass of iron weighs four hundred.

The hammerman's wages are about $7.00 a day, his pay depending on the amount of output.

Editor's Note.—This is the second of two papers by Mr Latzke on the Pennsylvania steel rollers and their work.

"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."
—Shakespeare.

If you would have your guests carry away most pleasant memories serve

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers
for dessert

Made in many flavors.
Sold only in sealed tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

THE LIGHT
FOR
PING-PONG

or any other amusement or occupation of the evening is

The Angle Lamp

[illegible] is hung high over the table well out of the way. Owing to its construction there is

"No-Under-Shadow"

and all the light falls directly downward just where [illegible] no expense—the ideal home light. Our Catalogue "E. P." sent on request.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO., 78 Park Place, New York

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

KLIP-KLIP The Pocket Manicure

Trims, files, shapes [illegible] polishes. Sent post paid on receipt of price if your dealer has it not. 25c

KLIP-KLIP CO., 570 So. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.

Come Here! When in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. Booklet free.

STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Grape-Nuts

make Strength

Strong Food

Giving the Longest Staying Powers

It is a good thing to know how to select food that will so thoroughly feed and nourish the body that there is no indication of hunger or faintness from one meal to another.

Grape-Nuts Food will carry the user longer, probably, than any other food known. A young lady attending business college writes from Atlanta, Ga., saying: "Before I began using Grape-Nuts I got so hungry before the dinner hour that I was faint and almost sick, but since I have Grape-Nuts Food for breakfast I study harder, and wait longer for my dinner without experiencing any of the former trouble.

"One great advantage is that it requires no cooking or preparation. I wish everyone knew of the value of Grape-Nuts Food for children in school." I. Parkhurst.

UNDERWOOD'S DEVILED HAM

FOR A LUNCH AFIELD with Rod and Gun—On the Links—on the Cruise—nothing like UNDERWOOD'S DEVILED HAM. Compact, light and portable, it is easy to carry and easy to stow away, and being of concentrated strength renders the desired nourishment at a minimum of weight. **1-4 lb. can makes 12 sandwiches.** Send for free booklet of receipts to the

Wm. Underwood Co., Boston, Mass.

"A ROLLER OF HIGH DEGREE"

The woman who is proud of her home and its comforts will see to it that all her shades are fitted with the

Improved Hartshorn Shade Roller

which lengthens the life of the shade, improves its appearance and insures its easy running. No tacks needed. Patent holders grip the shade firmly.

The acme of simplicity and convenience. Made of thoroughly seasoned wood. Brackets unbreakable.

None genuine unless the label bears the signature of Stewart Hartshorn

All reliable dealers have them.

TIN ROLLERS WOOD ROLLERS

UNIVERSITY TRAINING for Business

Accounting
Banking
Brokerage

School of Commerce Accounts and Finance. Evening Sessions. New York University, Washington Square, N. Y. City.

FALL TERM OPENS OCT. 1.

Wanted Solicitors to sell Installment Bonds; big pay; all or part time. Fine side line. Give references.

American Bond Co., 217 Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Men & Women of the Hour

A Fortune in a Franchise

MR. FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

MANY believe that the successor of Mr. John P. Jones as United States Senator from Nevada will undoubtedly be Mr. Francis G. Newlands, now a member of the Lower House. Mr. Jones is a Republican and Mr. Newlands a Democrat, but in Nevada national issues are thinly drawn.

Mr. Newlands, soon after he entered Congress, became very much interested, as an investor in real estate, in the suburbs of Washington. With several other capitalists he proceeded to improve a large tract north of the city, making it into the present village of Chevy Chase. The syndicate laid out highways, leveled hills, bridged gulleys, planted lawns and groves, opened an artificial lake, and generally developed its property as a site for suburban homes for well-to-do people. But these people had occupations in Washington, and needed some means of getting back and forth every day. More money was subscribed, and the syndicate soon had a nicely equipped trolley line running to the boundary of the city.

Here, however, came an obstacle. The patrons of the road demanded that they should be carried not merely to town, but carried into town, and set down somewhere near their offices and counting-rooms. Mr. Newlands discussed the subject with several of the local street-car magnates, all of whom were indisposed to help him because it was their desire to push out into the country themselves, and their policy was to discourage all competitive enterprises.

He met their cold shoulders with a shrug of his own, and went home and drew a little bill. It authorized his syndicate's trolley company to issue a large quantity of new stock. The bill was so innocent on its face, and he was personally so popular, that the House let him call it up by unanimous consent, and passed it. The Senate was equally complacent, and the President signed it without a question.

What use had he for such an Act of Congress? His own company had all its equipment and rights of way bought and paid for. True; but Mr. Newlands had quietly looked into the charters of the city companies that snubbed his partnership proposals, and discovered that one of them, owing to certain recent heavy expenditures, had exhausted its legal limit of stock issue and needed a larger privilege. So with his newly-made law in his hands he walked in upon the directors of the hard-pressed company and made them a blunt offer to absorb their road in his and thus give them the additional franchise they needed.

They jumped at the chance. It was their only hope of finding a suburban outlet for their line, and there was nothing for them to do but accept. As soon as the necessary papers could be drawn the country company, rebuffed and despised but a little while before, swallowed the city company whole, and Washington financiers discovered that they had a new "operator" to reckon with thereafter.

Secretary Long's First Law Case

Honorable John D. Long, who has just retired from the Secretaryship of the United States Navy, occasionally tells to a few of his friends the story of his first law case. This was up in Maine, in his native town of Buckfield, where he hung out his modest sign on the first of March, 1862.

"The first day that I began my practice," says Mr. Long, "a tremendous snowstorm came up and rattled the brand-new sign until I thought it would blow away. In the midst of the gale two of my old neighbors came in to fix up a quarrel of long standing. Both were good friends of mine. I didn't like to have them air their petty troubles in court, so I told them to settle the matter quietly, and advised them as to methods.

"They talked the matter over, and at last amiably agreed, and the trouble was satisfactorily adjusted.

"Just as they were going out of the door into the face of the bitter gale one turned back.

"'I think we ought to give Johnny something for his trouble,' said he.

"With these words he pulled twenty-five cents out of a long leathern purse and handed it to me."

The little sign, "John D. Long's Law Office," still hangs where it was originally placed, on the wing of the Long homestead, now Hotel Long.

The Nerve of Marshall Field

It is said that only once was Mr. Marshall Field known to lose his nerve. After the great fire of 1871 a prominent Chicagoan entered the room in which Mr. Field and his partners were taking stock of their misfortunes. The latter were urging the feasibility of continuing the business; but Mr. Field could not share their hopeful outlook.

"What's the matter, Marshall?" inquired the kindly caller.

"I tell them it's no use," responded the young merchant. "We've lost everything and there's no such thing as going on with the business. Why, we couldn't do it with less than a million dollars!"

For a moment the caller was silent; then he quietly remarked: "Well, Marshall, you can have your million—and you'll come out all right, too."

This man was the late Cyrus McCormick and he kept his word, with the result that Mr. Field is to-day recognized as one of the foremost merchants of America.

Mr. Dawes and the Tiger

MR. CHARLES G. DAWES

MR. CHARLES G. DAWES, former Comptroller of the Currency and now the head of a four-million-dollar banking and trust institution, was recently asked how he relished being beaten in his race for a seat in the United States Senate. His reply was thoroughly characteristic of the man:

"The Chinese," answered the young financier, who was a notable favorite with President McKinley, "have a saying that he who rides a tiger cannot dismount. That's precisely what a political ambition amounts to—the tiger. Sometime, sooner or later, the man who rides this kind of a mount will be thrown and then his feelings are going to be lacerated and mangled.

"I looked that proposition squarely in the face when I went into the fight. I knew I was beaten before the Republican State Convention indorsed Congressman Hopkins for the Senatorship, but that gave me a chance to get off the tiger and take my medicine. And it didn't hurt half as much as I thought it would, either. I simply arrived at the getting-off place a little earlier than I expected."

The Person Who Forgot His Text

Mr. Frederick Landis, who has recently been nominated for Congress in the eleventh district of Indiana in a close contest with the veteran Steele who has been in office for sixteen years, is only thirty years old.

Shortly after Landis had commenced to practice law some boys who had been arrested for disturbing church services came to him for help. The prosecuting attorney was sure of his evidence and confident of conviction. When the time came for the trial he called the deacons and elders of the church for the prosecution, and, though they all agreed as to the disorder of the boys, under cross-examination by Mr. Landis not one could recall the minister's text or a single point in the sermon. The preacher himself, to his confusion, could not give his own text. Then the miscreants, who had been carefully coached, were called to the witness stand and decorously recited the main points of the sermon and the text, to the satisfaction of the court, which decided that their knowledge was proof of close attention and good behavior. The Judge gave a verdict of acquittal.

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

THE

Outfitting of Children

is the one exclusive business of this house, and nowhere else in the world can this be done so easily, economically and in every way so satisfactorily as here—either in person or through our

Catalogue

Over 2,000 articles described—1,000 of which are illustrated.

Sent for 4 cents postage

We Have No Branch Stores—No Agents

Correspondence receives prompt attention.

Address Dept. 13

60-62 West 23d Street, New York

YOU ASK WHY

Mayler's COCOA CHOCOLATE are THE BEST

Best beans only are used.
Extra care exercised in blending.
Cocoa shells and dirt are removed.
Adulterations not permitted.
Use of most improved machinery.
Standard of merit—our watchword.
Endless watchfulness during manufacture.

Cost no more than others.
Once tried—always used.

GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Beautiful Mantels

Nothing adds more to the beauty of your home. We have many styles to show.

Very Latest Designs

Rich effects in hardwood and tile. Woods selected for their

RARE BEAUTY OF GRAIN

We sell direct from factory at factory prices. Freight paid to your home.

Write for handsomely illustrated booklet telling how best mantels are made and giving instructions for properly setting mantels, tiles and grates.

WHITE MANTEL AND TILE CO.
634 Gay St.
Knoxville, Tenn.

BURNS 90% AIR

10 per cent. Hydro-Carbon Gas

SUN INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS

Each one is a complete gas plant in itself. Gives ten times the light of a kerosene lamp, at one-half the cost. Cheaper than gas or electricity. Light is abundant, white and steady. Needed in homes, stores, halls, churches, etc. Conforms to all insurance underwriters' rules. We have branch supply depots in all the large cities of the U. S. from which orders are filled, thus making saving in freight rates. Book and prices free.

Agents Wanted

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO., Box 508, Canton, O.

(Licensee of the ground patent for Vapor Lamps.)

The ONLY Automobile that has won EVERY Endurance Contest held in America is the

HAYNES-APPERSON

The most practical automobile in the world

Runabout, 4 horse-power, 2 passengers, $1,200
Phaeton, 8 " " 3 " 1,500
Surrey, 8 " " 4 " 1,800

We offer you a proved reliability, ease of access to working parts and simplicity of operation that no other make in the world affords, at reasonable prices for good workmanship. Look up our records, ask our customers, get our free booklets.

HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Indiana

Large Rewards

await the boys who study textiles thoroughly for mill management or for expertness in buying and selling fabrics.

TEXTILE EDUCATION

offers splendid opportunities and answers the question "*What to do with the boy?*" Illustrated circular free.

L. W. MILLER, Principal
School of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum
Dept. H, Broad and Pine Streets, Philadelphia

ILLUSTRATING

BY THE
HEEB System
of TEACHING and
RECITING PRIVATELY BY MAIL

All Magazine, Newspaper Work, Caricature, Lettering, Designing, etc. Students enthusiastic. Personal instruction and guidance. Prepares quickly for paying work. Big salaries for our graduates. Experience unnecessary. Oldest, largest, most responsible and most practical school in the world. Incorporated. Write postal to-day for unsolicited testimonials and full particulars.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
26 Penna Street, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

A Hot Proposition

Our full line of **Kalamazoo Steel Ranges, Steel Cook** and **Oak Heating Stoves** sent anywhere on

30 Days' Free Trial

direct from our factory at factory prices, freight prepaid. The best stove proposition ever offered. If you want to know more, send for our free catalogue.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

DON'T WORK SO HARD

on ironing day. It's unnecessary. To save labor, time, worry and confusion

Use the **Gem Ironing Machine**

It's economical, practical, durable and soon pays for itself. Costs 1c. per hour to heat by gas or gasoline. Once tried, never discarded. Pleased users everywhere. Sent FREE—Illustrated booklet, "Modern Methods in Ironing." Ask for it today. DOMESTIC MANGLE CO., Box 5, Racine Jct., Wis.

The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

THE "BEST" LIGHT CO.
235 East 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY

(with top $32.50) of very superior QUALITY, STYLE and DURABILITY

Entire output of two enormous factories, sold direct to consumer. We mfr. full line Buggies, Carriages, Harness, guarantee all goods, ship on approval.

WE DEFY COMPETITION and SAVE DEALERS' PROFIT

Money back if not satisfied. Send for *Catalogue and Special Offer.*

UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 402 Saginaw Street, Pontiac, Mich.

Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

Mr. Wister's Virginian

MR. OWEN WISTER

The scene is Wyoming; the time less than two decades ago, but, as Mr. Owen Wister tells us (in The Virginian, a Horseman of the Plains: *The Macmillan Company*), a fast-receding past in the Western country; the characters, mostly cowpunchers, and widely scattered settlers of farm life. The hero, whose name, as I recall it, is never definitely mentioned, is a cowboy hailing from the State which gave him his sobriquet, and different from his fellows, not in habits or general traits, but in a strong personal superiority, quietly and irresistibly exerted when the moment comes. His strength lay in his reserve, his slow, patient determination, his preference for pacific methods. He owed his finest triumphs to an Olympian comprehension of fun, languid, pervasive and compelling. Into the rude elemental life of this man, who never bullied or lied, already full of the common experiences of an adventurous, not always defensible, career, enters the heroine, a Vermont school-teacher, descendant of the memorable Molly Stark, and preserving the race traditions of her New England inheritance. It was a battle royal between her heart and her prejudices, but Miss Molly Wood, like her great ancestor, came to see that she, after the manner of other American women, could not help loving a man "that was a man." These pages are an open text on the fundamental instincts of American manhood and womanhood. The current of the narrative is so swift as to clarify all impurities in a way which would be impossible or unsatisfying in the more sluggish life to the Eastward.

The kinship of deepest joy to deepest sorrow shows itself in some really beautiful pages given to The Virginian's honeymoon, or rather to the beginning of it, for it had no end. Only occasionally does author or hero let loose the reins of feeling, but then most effectively, as in the case of The Virginian's grief because his old friend, Steve, fallen into evil courses and hanged by the grim needs of the frontier, bids him an eternal good-by. The mystery and reserve of this episode of the punishment of the two cattle-thieves are admirable beyond words.

To say more would only be to praise more this uncommonly strong novel, strenuous without extravagance, intensely American in its knowledge of unexhausted conditions of human existence, and its bold proclamation of the dogma of the right to master and prevail under the beneficent reign of equal opportunity. Like music, the sweetness and strength of The Virginian are vibrant in the mind long after the book is closed.

— Lindsay Swift.

Her Serene Highness

Attractive but intangible is Her Serene Highness, the heroine of the novel of that name by David Graham Phillips *(Harper & Brothers)*. The lady in question is the niece of the Grand Duke of Zweitenbourg. In the company of the hero we make her acquaintance at a dressmaker's in Paris. At first blush she does not appear to be of the material of which heroines are usually composed; but as the story proceeds she manages to play her rôle as satisfactorily as do the other characters.

Grafton, the hero, is a wealthy American, and, besides, a picture collector. Foiled in his attempt to secure a certain picture, he rushes to Paris after it, only to find that it has been ordered by the Grand Duke of Zweitenbourg. The plans which he lays for securing the coveted painting lead him to the mythical duchy, which is situated in the romancist's Germany, and is bounded on all sides by a very cloudy Somewhere. Shortly after his arrival Fate again compels him to discover Her Serene Highness—this time up a tree.

The course of true love is for a time dammed by the obnoxious presence of a male cousin of the heroine, to whom she has for some time been betrothed, but whom she does not love. When the trained novel-reader is

WATCH
PROTECTION

The Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Cases are an improvement on solid gold cases. They are stronger and won't bend or dent. Made of two layers of gold, with a layer of stiffening metal between, welded together into one solid sheet. The outside layer contains more gold than can be worn off a case in 25 years, the time for which a Jas. Boss Case is guaranteed.

Jas. Boss
Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

are recognized as the standard by all jewelers. They are identical with solid gold cases in appearance and size, but much lower in price. Don't accept any case said to be "just as good" as the Boss. Look for the Keystone trademark. Send for booklet.

The Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia

President A. R. Shattuck, of the Automobile Club of America, leading a Club run in his 12 horse-power Panhard, in which he has travelled 6,000 miles in France and America—a picture from "Automobiles," the new book just issued by

Smith & Mabley

513-515 Seventh Ave.
New York

The Panhard-Levassor *The C. G. V.* *The Renault*

HAVE YOU TALENT FOR DRAWING?

Instruction by Correspondence

In Magazine and Book Illustrating, Newspaper and Commercial Drawing, Lettering and Ornamental Design, Retouching of Photographs, Fashion Drawing.

Write for "ART" Catalog explaining fully our method and special low terms by mail.

OHIO SCHOOL OF DESIGN, Vulcan Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 400 kinds of printed tags, including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to write on. Used by U. S. P. O. and War Depts.

Cat. & Price List Free. Sample Tag 5 Cents.

Department F CHAS. C. SMITH, EXETER, NEBRASKA

PREPARES FOR CORNELL

The University Preparatory School

Boarding and Day Departments

SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks
FALL TERM for year 1902-1903 opens SEPT. 30
Eleventh Year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Ave. E, Ithaca, N.Y.

i can draw as good as that

Cut This Out

Mail it with your address and receive our **Free Sample Lesson Circular** with terms, particulars and twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and illustrators.

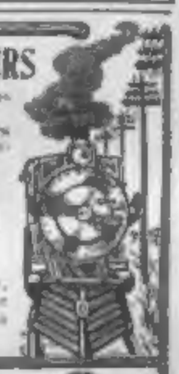
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
Studio 85 World Bldg., New York City

Utica, N. Y., Conservatory of Music

Edward B. Fleck and Robert J. Hughes, Directors
Alfred H. Jay, Secretary

Unsurpassed advantages offered in the following departments: Vocal, Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Elocution, Physical Culture, Languages, etc. Year Courses at special rates. Send for Catalogue. Address Secretary, Conservatory of Music, Utica, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL TELEGRAPHERS



leave our school to take desirable positions every day.

Railroads send to us for operators and furnish railroad passes. Demand exceeds supply. Good wages.

Many Prominent Railroad Officials Learned Telegraphy Here.

Tuition is reasonable; expenses are low, many students earn their board. 50-page free booklet tells all about this business opportunity.

VALENTINE'S SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY
(Established 1872)
Telegraph Building, Janesville, Wis.

Your money back if we fail to do as our catalogue says.

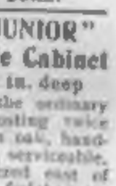
"How To Buy A DIAMOND"

RIGHT WAY—RIGHT PRICE

Our new booklet is worth $10.00 to an intending diamond or jewelry purchaser. **It's Free.** 100 points to guide you in diamond buying. Sent **on approval,** express paid. **Pin money** buys diamonds by our charge account system. Write today.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, 101 State Street, Chicago

BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, PENMANSHIP



etc., successfully taught by mail or no charges. **POSITIONS** secured. 10,000 students. Booklet free. Add. Dept. 10

DRAUGHON'S BUS. COL., Nashville, Tenn.

"DEARBORN JUNIOR" Typewriter Table Cabinet

42 in. long. 24 in. deep

Takes place of the ordinary typewriter desk costing twice the money. Golden oak, handsome finish, handy, serviceable, invaluable. Delivered east of Rocky Mountains, freight prepaid, for $10. If not satisfactory return at our expense. Write for catalogue of the famous Dearborn Cabinets.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

Ward Seminary for Young Ladies, Nashville, Tenn.

37th year begins Sept. 25. Literary Courses, Music, Art, Elocution. Certification to Wellesley, Baltimore Woman's College. Faculty, 20. Rich and capable climate. For Catalogue I address J. D. BLANTON, LL. D., Box 4-Y.

CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY of MUSIC. ESTABLISHED 1867

Miss Clara Baur, Directress.

INSTRUCTS, trains and educates after the best methods of **Foremost European Conservatories.** The faculty numbers some of the leading **Musicians and Artists of Today.**

The environment of the **new location,** with respect to refinement, home comfort and luxurious surroundings, is ideal. **Delightfully located** on the hills overlooking the city, in the **finest buildings devoted to music in America.** Day and boarding pupils enrolled at any time. For catalogue address

MISS CLARA BAUR, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music
Highland Ave. and Oak St., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

If You, Too, Will Answer This Advertisement

we will prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement writing by mail; thoroughly, practically, successfully. You will then know why successful business men throughout the country say: "I WANT A PAGE-DAVIS MAN." You will know why our graduates are earning $35.00 to $100.00 per week. You will know why you should entrust your advertising education to the hands of the oldest, largest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instruction through the recommendation of friends, who have previously taken the course. Write this very minute for our 64 page prospectus and bundle of affidavits SENT FREE.

Notice to Employers: Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

TRICYCLES for Cripples and WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids

Built to Order

Special designs for special cases. Our goods give universal satisfaction.

Prices quoted on request.

Send for Free Catalogue

T. C. Fay Tricycle & Invalid Chair Co., Elyria, O.

DAVIDSON SYRINGE

Most Economical Because Most Durable

Made from finest Para rubber. Occupies small space when travelling. Can use as much or as little water as desired. The force of flow is regulated by pressure on bulb.

Sold by first-class druggists, or direct, post-paid, on receipt of price, **$2.00**

DAVIDSON RUBBER CO.
19 Milk Street, Boston

$1 BRINGS IT POSTPAID RETURNABLE

SHUMATE DOLLAR RAZOR

"The Razor with a Character"

Highest quality, best tempered steel. None better at any price. Why pay $3 to $5 and not get satisfaction? Our guarantee: The Shumate must please or we exchange it and no questions. Thousands using it everywhere. Booklet, "The Razor with a Character," gives valuable pointers on shaving. FREE if you send your dealer's name.

SHUMATE RAZOR CO., Dept. F, Austin, Tex.
Chicago, 1431 Masonic Temple.
St. Louis, 2929 Henrietta St.
New Orleans, 336 Carondelet St.

HOW TO SELL SHORT STORIES

Journalism and Story-Writing taught by mail. Manuscripts criticised, corrected, and sold on commission. Send for our free booklet, "Writing for Profit." Tells how to succeed as story-writer, newspaper-correspondent, and magazine-contributor, and how and where to sell short stories and special articles. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief; staff of specialists; founded 1895.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 Baldwin Building Indianapolis, Ind.

STAMMER

The Reed Method for the cure of stammering is based on an actual class-room experience with nearly 2000 stammerers. It leads to perfectly normal speech. Write for book explaining methods to FRANK A. REED, 807 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The IDEAL Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove. REDUCES FUEL BILLS ONE-HALF. Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Holds 12 one-quart jars in canning bolts. Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. Seamless copper bottom and sides. We also make Square Cookers with doors. Send for illustrated catalogue.

We pay express. Agents wanted
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, O.

Patented Jan. 21, 1902.

informed that the story ends where it began—at Grafton's house, in Michigan Avenue—and that there is a Mrs. Grafton, he will find no difficulty in drawing his conclusions.

Her Serene Highness is one of the many novels descended in direct line from The Prisoner of Zenda. It is brightly and cleverly written; the reading of it is easy and entertaining. On the whole it is better than most of its kind; although it never once approaches even the appearance of being real. It contains a duel, adventures, shooting, the clang of sabre and the pomp of court—but always that of the stage. Its interest lies chiefly in the cleverness with which fun is poked at the foibles of others. There is also some refreshing buncombe about the innate superiority of anything American over everything that has the misfortune of not being American. On the other hand, the author has succeeded in faithfully reproducing the opinions of the conservative aristocracy of Germany of things American. The sarcasm with which the book is charged is of the gentlest, merriest kind—that which exhilarates without stinging.

This is delicious:

> "The English are great liars," said Casimir sourly.
>
> "That's what every nation says about every other," said Grafton.
>
> The Grand Duke chuckled. "And all are right."

Her Serene Highness is a book to be read in a lazy afternoon, or in the evening after dinner. —*L. V. Matthewman.*

An important contribution to the literature of the automobile is Mr. James E. Homans' new work entitled Self-Propelled Vehicles *(Theo. Audel & Co., New York)*. It is a book of the broadest scope and is alike suited to the wants of the manufacturer, the dealer and the amateur chauffeur. The author's aim throughout has been to present the various theories and problems of construction clearly, fully, and with careful attention to important details. The exhaustive character of the book may be judged from the fact that its forty-five chapters occupy more than 600 pages.

The illustrations are 500 in number and cover every type of practical device used on power-driven carriages.

Dartmouth College last September celebrated the centennial of the graduation of Daniel Webster. Mr. Samuel W. McCall was the orator of the day, and the able address he made on that occasion is in every way worthy of the permanence which has been assured to it by its recent publication in book form. (Daniel Webster; *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*) Mr. McCall has wisely limited the scope of his little volume and has attempted only to give an adequate estimate of Webster as man and statesman, and to point out his place among the orators, lawmakers and jurists of all ages. This he has done with rare discrimination and compelling interest.

Who but Kate Douglas Wiggin would have made a fair heroine, besieged by rival suitors, run away to a tiny village and there amuse herself by tending her landlady's geese? Such is the slender story-thread that runs through The Diary of a Goose Girl *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, and binds together the diarist's vagrant observations on the ways of feathered and human geese. Of course, the right man eventually discovers the Goose Girl's hiding-place and bears her home in triumph—which was precisely what she had planned that he should do. This is a charming little book and every page sparkles with delicate humor and wholesome cleverness.

A small vegetarian cook book, by Sidney H. Beard, staggers from the publishers *(Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)* under the overwhelming title, "A Comprehensive Guide-Book to Natural, Hygienic and Humane Diet." The author is rather amusing in his statement of the horrors of meat-eating; but if he could prove his case the butchers would soon be in the poorhouse. The most useful pages of Mr. Beard's book tell how one may avoid ruinous butcher's bills by the use of highly nourishing vegetable foods.

Wild Life of Orchard and Field *(Harper & Brothers)* is a capital book for summer reading. The author, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, is not only a naturalist of high reputation but the master of a charming literary style. He writes pleasantly and informingly of our smaller beasts, birds and creeping things, and tells scores of curious and amusing anecdotes.

Nature's Gifts at

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

The home of health and pleasure; located in Orange County, among the hills of Southern Indiana, easily reached by rail from all points. Famous for its curative waters even before Indiana became a State. A resort excelled by no other in the world in universal popularity. French Lick is unique in possessing three springs, differing widely in analysis and remedial quality.

PLUTO is the strongest and best known of the world's marvelous waters. Two weeks of Pluto water, rest and recreation will rejuvenate the system as no other known treatment can do, thus uniting healthful benefit with social pleasures. Visitors to this resort may have the undisturbed indolence of the "Rest Cure," or may take exercise in any of the various outdoor or indoor forms which are most to their liking. Golf is a special feature, owing to this character of exercise being recommended while taking the waters.

The New French Lick Springs Hotel

is modern in every detail. A large four-story brick addition has just been added, and all the conveniences to be found in the very best hotels of America are to be had here at very reasonable prices. All rooms are outside rooms, light and airy. Special rates on application.

Sent Free—Illustrated booklet giving full information in regard to the hotel and resort, together with railroad rates from any part of the country. Booklet also gives hotel rates. French Lick is the picturesque section of Southern Indiana, and is easily reached from all parts of the United States. Address either

Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Nickel Plate Road, 342 Custom House, Chicago, or Thomas Taggart, Manager, French Lick Hotel, French Lick, Ind.

The best thing on wheels — *Nothing to watch but the road*

If you are not convenient to any of the following Selling Agents for the **Oldsmobile**, send for book G, fully illustrated and descriptive in detail of this ideal perfection in motor vehicles.

SELLING AGENTS

Oldsmobile Co., 130 W. 39th Street, New York.
Oldsmobile Co., 1134 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.
Quaker City Auto. Co., 139 No. Broad Street, Philadelphia.
H. H. Shumard & Son, 259 Columbus Avenue, Boston.
Oldsmobile Co., 411 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.
William E. Metzger, 251 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.
A. F. Chase & Co., 315 So. Third Street, Minneapolis.
Sutcliffe & Co., 328 Main Street, Louisville.
Ralph Temple Co., 293 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Fisher Automobile Co., Indianapolis.
Olds Gasoline Engine Works, Omaha.
George Hannan, 1455 California Street, Denver.
The Manufacturers Co., 97 Fremont St., San Francisco.
Bankers Bros. Co., East End, Pittsburgh. C. H. Johnson, 55 So. Forsyth St., Atlanta.
Oldsmobile Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Clark & Hawkins, Houston, Texas.

Price $650
F. O. B. Detroit

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Detroit

- - WATCHES - -

Artistic productions for Ladies' wear—Silver chatelaines in unique designs—Shoulder watches in all metals or enameled—Open face or hunting, for belt or pocket—Send for our booklets and select designs.

The New England Watch Co.

21 and 23 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 131 to 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago
Spreckels Building, San Francisco

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL

and Ten Days' Free Trial to any person in U. S. or Canada. *Not a cent deposit* required on our Bicycles in advance.

1902 Models, $9 to $15

1900 and '01 Models, best makes, $7 to $11

500 Second-hand Wheels

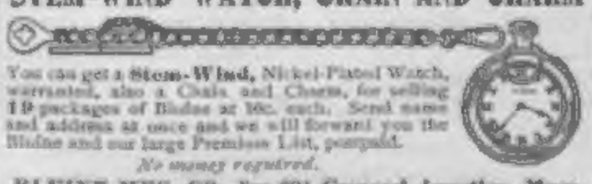
all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. Great *Factory Clearing Sale* at half factory cost. Tires, equipment and sundries, all kinds, half regular prices.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing 1000 catalogues on our new plan.

A RIDER AGENT in each town can make money fast on our wonderful 1902 proposition. *Write at once* for lowest *net prices* to agents and our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 34-G, Chicago, Ill.

STEM-WIND WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM



You can get a **Stem-Wind,** Nickel-Plated Watch, warranted, also a Chain and Charm, for selling 12 packages of Bluine at 10c. each. Send name and address at once and we will forward you the Bluine and our large Premium List, postpaid.

No money required.

BLUINE MFG. CO., Box 694, Concord Junction, Mass.

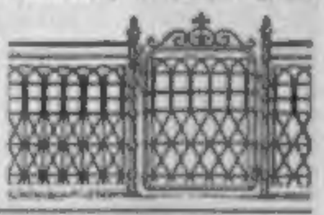
THE LOCKE ADDER

Fastest, simplest, handiest, most practical and durable, low-priced calculating machine. Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides. Cannot make mistakes. Computes nine columns simultaneously. Saves time, labor, brain. Lasts a lifetime. Booklet free.

C. E. LOCKE M'F'G CO., 68 Walnut St., Kennett, Iowa

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. *Catalogue free.*



KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE COMPANY
459 North St.
Kokomo, Indiana

SUSPENDERS

that support without restraint—GUYOT Suspenders. Indestructible button holes. Perfect every way. If not at your dealers send 50c for sample pair. OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N.Y. City

Hammock Stands

Lawn Furniture, beautiful and ornamental. Saves lawn and trees. Illustrated catalogue free.

HERCULES MFG. CO.
Dep't 54 Centerville, Iowa

GINSENG $25,000 made from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet telling all about it.

McDOWELL Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo., U. S. A.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publications ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

VACATION HATS

For 50 cents

Roll up for pocket or grip. Can't get out of shape. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price.

MIDDLETOWN HAT CO.
66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

Four Million Dollars' Worth

of Victor Talking Machines and Records were sold last year. This is one-fifth of the whole amount paid for amusements in all the theatres in the United States. Why don't you get a *Victor* and have theatre and opera in your own home? The *Victor* is easy to play, and *Victor* Records will stand rough handling —children can use them and enjoy them as much as grown folks.

THE VICTOR TALKING MACHINE

won the Gold Medal over all other talking machines at Buffalo. It was awarded by eight distinguished judges—confirmed by three more; confirmed again by a final one—a unanimous verdict of superiority by twelve distinguished men. What they found out is exactly what you want to know. They judged it for you. This alone is decisive, but this is not all. The *Victor* is sent on approval. You judge it yourself. Your money back if you want it. **Sousa**, the March King, says: "The Victor Talking Machine is all right."

Distributing Agents for the Victor Talking Machine

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Talking Machine Co., 107 Madison St.
CHICAGO, ILL.—Lyon & Healy.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Victor Distributing & Export Company, No. 1 Broadway.
NEW YORK, N. Y.—C. Bruno & Son, 356 Broadway.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—W. D. Andrews.
BOSTON, MASS.—The Eastern Talking Machine Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.—J. F. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co.
EVANSVILLE, IND.—E. K. Ashby Bicycle Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS—Sanger Bros. Dry Goods Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO—Cleveland Talking Machine Co.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Metropolitan Talking Machine Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Western Electric Co., 933 Market St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO—The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.—H. R. Eisenbrandt's Sons.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—P. A. Powers, 643 Main St.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Simmons Hardware Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Victor Talking Machine, Limited, Carleton Building.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Sherman Clay & Co.
ST. PAUL, MINN.—Koehler & Hinrichs.
LINCOLN, NEB.—The Wittmann Co.
OMAHA, NEB.—A. Hospe, Jr.
PITTSBURGH, PA.—S. Hamilton.
DETROIT, MICH.—Grinnell Brothers.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Carlin & Lennox.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Stephen Girard Bldg., Philadelphia